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CITIZEN KANE

FINAL

6/18/40

4

missing pages:
197,
194,
197

CITIZEN KANE

PROLOGUE

FADE IN

EXT. XANADU - FAINT DAWN - 1940 (MINIATURE)

1 WINDOW, VERY SMALL IN THE DISTANCE, ILLUMINATED
All around this an almost totally black screen. Now, as the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY towards this window which is almost a postage stamp in the frame, other forms appear; barbed wire, cyclone fencing, and now, looming up against an early morning sky, enormous iron grille work. CAMERA TRAVELS up what is now shown to be a gateway of gigantic proportions and HOLDS on the top of it -- a huge initial "K" showing darker and darker against the dawn sky. Through this and beyond we see the fairy-tale mountaintop of Xanadu, the great castle a silhouette at its summit, the little window a distant accent in the darkness.

DISSOLVE

(A series of set-ups, each closer to the great window, all telling something of:)

2 THE LITERALLY INCREDIBLE DOMAIN OF CHARLES FOSTER KANE
Its right flank resting for nearly forty miles on the Gulf Coast, it truly extends in all directions farther than the eye can see. Designed by nature to be almost completely bare and flat -- it was, as will develop, practically all marshland when Kane acquired and changed its face -- it is now pleasantly uneven, with its fair share of rolling hills and one very good-sized mountain, all man-made. Almost all the land is improved, either through cultivation for farming purposes or through careful landscaping, in the shape of parks and lakes. The castle itself, an enormous pile, compounded of several genuine castles, of European origin, of varying architecture -- dominates the scene, from the very peak of the mountain.

DISSOLVE

GOLF LINKS (MINIATURE)

3 Past which we move. The greens are straggly and overgrown, the fairways wild with tropical weeds, the links unused and not seriously tended for a long time.

DISSOLVE OUT

as

DISSOLVE IN

WHAT WAS ONCE A GOOD-SIZED ZOO (MINIATURE)

4 Of the Hagenbeck type. All that now remains, with one exception, are the individual plots, surrounded by moats, on which the animals are kept, free and yet safe from each other and the landscape at large. (Signs on several of the plots indicate that here there were once tigers, lions, giraffes.)

DISSOLVE

THE MONKEY TERRACE (MINIATURE)

5 In the f.g., a great obscene ape is outlined against the dawn murk. He is scratching himself slowly, thoughtfully, looking out across the estates of Charles Foster Kane, to the distant light glowing in the castle on the hill.

DISSOLVE

THE ALLIGATOR PIT (MINIATURE)

6 The idiot pile of sleepy dragons. Reflected in the muddy water -- the lighted window.

THE LAGOON (MINIATURE)

7 The boat landing sags. An old newspaper floats on the surface of the water -- a copy of the New York "Enquirer." As it moves across the frame, it discloses again the reflection of the window in the castle, closer than before.

THE GREAT SWIMMING POOL (MINIATURE)

8 It is empty. A newspaper blows across the cracked floor of the tank.

DISSOLVE

THE COTTAGES (MINIATURE)

9 In the shadows, literally the shadows, of the castle. As we move by, we see that their doors and windows are boarded up and locked, with heavy bars as further protection and sealing.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

A DRAWBRIDGE - (MINIATURE)

10 Over a wide moat, now stagnant and choked with weeds. We move across it and through a huge solid gateway into a formal garden, perhaps thirty yards wide and one hundred yards deep, which extends right up to the very wall of the castle. The landscaping surrounding it has been sloppy and casual for a long time, but this particular garden has been kept up in perfect shape. As the CAMERA MAKES ITS WAY through it, towards the lighted window of the castle, there are revealed rare and exotic blooms of all kinds. The dominating note is one of almost exaggerated tropical lushness, hanging limp and despairing. -- Moss, moss, moss. Ankor Wat, the night the last King died.

DISSOLVE

THE WINDOW - (MINIATURE)

11 CAMERA MOVES IN until the frame of the window fills the frame of the screen. Suddenly the light within goes out. This STOPS the action of the CAMERA and cuts the music which has been accompanying the sequence. In the glass panes of the window we see reflected the ripe, dreary landscape of Mr. Kane's estate behind and the dawn sky.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN - 1940

12 A VERY LONG SHOT of Kane's enormous bed, silhouetted against the enormous window.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN - 1940

13 A SNOW SCENE. An incredible one. Big impossible flakes of snow, a too picturesque farmhouse and a snow man. The jingling of sleigh bells in the musical score now makes an ironic reference to Indian Temple bells -- the music freezes --

KANE'S OLD OLD VOICE

Rosebud!

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing the whole scene to be contained in one of those glass balls which are sold in novelty stores all over the world. A hand -- Kane's hand, which has been holding the ball, relaxes. The ball falls out of his hand and bounds down two carpeted steps leading to the bed, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. The ball falls off the last step onto the marble floor where it breaks, the fragments glittering in the first rays of the morning sun. This ray cuts an angular pattern across the floor, suddenly crossed with a thousand bars of light as the blinds are pulled across the window.

14 THE FOOT OF KANE'S BED. The CAMERA very CLOSE. Outlined against the shuttered window, we can see a form -- the form of a nurse, as she pulls the sheet up over his head. The CAMERA FOLLOWS THIS ACTION up the length of the bed and arrives at the face after the sheet has covered it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. OF A MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION ROOM

15 On the screen as the CAMERA MOVES IN are the words:

"MAIN TITLE"

Stirring brassy music is heard on the sound track (which, of course, sounds more like a sound track than ours.)

The screen in the projection room fills our screen as the second title appears:

"CREDITS"

NOTE: Here follows a typical news digest short, one of the regular monthly or bi-monthly features, based on public events or personalities. (These are distinguished from ordinary newsreels and short subjects in that they have a fully developed editorial or story line.) Some of the more obvious characteristics of the "March of Time," for example, as well as other documentary shorts, will be combined to give an authentic impression of this now familiar type of short subject.

As is the accepted procedure in these short subjects, a narrator is used as well as explanatory titles.

FADE OUT

NARRATOR

Legendary was the Xanadu where Kubla Kahn decreed his stately pleasure dome --

(with quotes in his voice)

"Where twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled 'round."

(dropping the quotes)

Today, almost as legendary is Florida's XANADU, -- world's largest private pleasure ground. Here, on the deserts of the Gulf Coast a private mountain was commissioned, successfully built for its landlord. Here in a private valley, as in the Coleridge poem, "blossoms many an incense-bearing tree." Verily, "a miracle of rare device."

U.S.A.

CHARLES FOSTER KANE

OPENING SHOT of great desolate expanse of Florida Coastline. (1940 - DAY)

DISSOLVE

Series of shots showing various aspects of Xanadu, all as they might be photographed by an ordinary newsreel cameraman -- nicely photographed but not atmospheric to the extreme extent of the Prologue. (1940)

NARRATOR

(dropping the quotes)

Here for Xanadu's landlord will be held 1940's biggest, strangest funeral; here this week is laid to rest a potent figure of our Century -- America's Kubla Kahn -- Charles Foster Kane.

NARRATOR

In journalism's history other names are honored more than Charles Foster Kane's, more justly revered. Among publishers, second only to James Gordon Bennett the First: his dashing expatriate son; England's Northcliffe and Beaverbrook; Chicago's Patterson and McCormick;

(cont'd)

TITLE:

TO FORTY-FOUR MILLION U.S. NEWS BUYERS, MORE NEWSWORTHY THAN THE NAMES IN HIS OWN HEADLINES, WAS KANE HIMSELF, GREATEST NEWSPAPER TYCOON OF THIS OR ANY OTHER GENERATION

SHOT of a huge, screen-filling picture of Kane. PULL BACK to show that it is a picture on the front page of the Enquirer, surrounded by the reversed rules of mourning, with masthead and headlines. (1940)

DISSOLVE

A GREAT NUMBER of headlines, set in different types and different styles, obviously from different papers, all announcing Kane's death, all appearing over photographs of Kane himself. (Perhaps a fifth of the headlines are in foreign languages.) An important item in connection with the headlines is that many of them --

(cont'd)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Denver's Bonfils and Sommes; New York's late great Joseph Pulitzer; America's emperor of the news syndicate, another editorialist and landlord, the still mighty and once mightier Hearst. Great names all of them -- but none of these so loved -- hated -- feared, so often spoken -- as Charles Foster Kane.

NARRATOR

-- The San Francisco Earthquake. First with the news were the Kane Papers. First with Relief of the Sufferers, First with the news of their Relief of the Sufferers.

NARRATOR

-- Kane papers scoop the world on the Armistice -- publish, eight hours before competitors, complete details of the Armistice terms granted the Germans by Marshall Foch from his railroad car in the Forest of Compeigne.

(cont'd)

positively not all - reveal passionately conflicting opinions about Kane. Thus, they contain variously the words, "patriot," "democrat," "pacifist," "war-monger," "traitor," "idealist," "American," etc.

TITLE:

1895 to 1940
ALL OF THESE YEARS HE COVERED,
MANY OF THESE YEARS HE WAS.

NEWSREEL SHOTS of San Francisco during and after the fire, followed by SHOTS of special trains with large streamers: "Kane Relief Organization." Over these shots superimpose the date - 1906.

ARTIST'S PAINTING of Foch's railroad car and peace negotiators, if actual newsreel shot unavailable. Over this shot superimpose the date - 1918.

Changes
"CITIZEN KANE"
NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

For forty years appeared in Kane newsprint no public issue on which Kane papers took no stand.

NARRATOR

No public man whom Kane himself did not support or denounce -- often support, then denounce.

NARRATOR

Its humble beginnings a dying daily --

N E W S D I G E S T

SHOTS with the date - 1898 - (to be supplied)

SHOTS with the date - 1910 - (to be supplied)

SHOTS with the date - 1922 - (to be supplied)

HEADLINES, cartoons, contemporary newsreels or stills of the following:

1. Woman Suffrage. (The celebrated newsreel shot of about 1914.)
2. Prohibition. (Breaking up of a speakeasy and such.)
3. T. V. A.
4. Labor riots.

BRIEF CLIPS of old newsreel shots of William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Stalin, Walter P. Thatcher, Al Smith, McKinley, Landon, Franklin D. Roosevelt and such. (Also recent newsreels of the elderly Kane with such Nazis as Hitler, Goering and England's Chamberlain and Churchill.)

SHOT of a ramshackle building with old-fashioned presses showing through plate glass windows and the name "Enquirer" in old-fashioned gold letters. (1892)

DISSOLVE

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

Kane's empire, in its glory, held dominion over thirty-seven newspapers, thirteen magazines, a radio network. An empire upon an empire. The first of grocery stores, paper mills, apartment buildings, factories, forests, ocean liners --

NARRATOR

An empire through which for fifty years flowed, in an unending stream, the wealth of the earth's third richest gold mine....

NARRATOR

Famed in American legend is the origin of the Kane fortune.... How, to boarding-housekeeper Mary Kane, by a defaulting boarder, in 1868 was left the supposedly worthless deed to an abandoned mine shaft: The Colorado Lode.

THE MAGNIFICENT ENQUIRER BUILDING of today.

1891 - 1911 A MAP OF THE U.S.A., covering the entire screen, which in animated diagram shows the Kane publications spreading from city to city. Starting from New York, miniature newsboys speed madly to Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Atlanta, El Paso, etc., screaming, "Wuxtry, Kane Papers, Wuxtry."

SHOT of a large mine going full blast, chimneys belching smoke, trains moving in and out, etc.
A large sign reads "Colorado Lode Mining Co." (1940)
Sign reading: "Little Salem, Colo., 25 miles."

DISSOLVE

An old still shot of Little Salem as it was 70 years ago. (Identified by copper-plate caption beneath the still.) (1870)

SHOT of early tintype stills of Thomas Foster Kane and his wife, Mary, on their wedding day.
A similar picture of Mary Kane some four or five years later with her little boy, Charles Foster Kane.

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

Fifty-seven years later, before a Congressional Investigation, Walter P. Thatcher, grand old man of Wall Street, for years chief target of Kane Papers' attacks on "trusts," recalls a journey he made as a youth.....

SHOT of Capitol in Washington, D. C.

SHOT of Congressional Investigating Committee.

(Reproduction of existing J. P. Morgan newsreel.) This runs silent under narration. Walter P. Thatcher is on the stand. He is flanked by his son, Walter P. Thatcher, Jr., and other partners. He is being questioned by some Merry Andrew congressmen. At this moment a baby alligator has just been placed in his lap, causing considerable confusion and embarrassment.

Newsreel closeup of Thatcher, the sound track of which now FADES IN.

Thatcher
....because of that trivial incident...

Investigator
It is a fact, however, is it not, that in 1870 you did go to Colorado?

Thatcher
I did.

Investigator
In connection with the Kane affairs?

Thatcher
Yes. My firm had been appointed trustees by Mrs. Kane for the fortune, which she had recently acquired. It was her wish that I should take charge of this boy, Charles Foster Kane.

NARRATOR

That same month in Union Square --

Investigator
Is it not a fact that on that occasion the boy personally attacked you after striking you in the stomach with a sled?

Loud laughter and confusion.

Thatcher
Mr. Chairman, I will read to this committee a prepared statement I have brought with me -- and I will then refuse to answer any further questions. Mr. Johnson, please!

A young assistant hands him a sheet of paper from a brief case.

Thatcher
(reading it)
'With full awareness of the meaning of my words and the responsibility of what I am about to say, it is my considered belief that Mr. Charles Foster Kane, in every essense of his social beliefs and by the dangerous manner in which he has persistently attacked the American traditions of private property, initiative and opportunity for advancement, is -- in fact -- nothing more or less than a Communist.'

NEWSREEL OF UNION SQUARE MEETING, section of crowd carrying banners urging boycott of Kane Papers. A speaker is on the platform above the crowd.

Speaker
(FADING IN on sound track)
-- till the words "Charles Foster Kane" are a menace to every working man in this land. He is today what he has always been and always will be -- a Fascist!

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

And yet another opinion -- Kane's own.

NEWS DIGEST

SILENT NEWSREEL on a windy platform, flag-draped, in front of the magnificent Enquirer Building. On platform, in full ceremonial dress, is Charles Foster Kane. He orates silently.

TITLE:

"I AM, HAVE BEEN, AND WILL BE ONLY ONE THING -- AN AMERICAN."

CHARLES FOSTER KANE

Same locale, Kane shaking hands out of frame.

Another newsreel shot, much later, very brief, showing Kane, older and much fatter, very tired-looking, seated with his second wife in a night club. He looks lonely and unhappy in the midst of the gaiety.

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

Twice married -- twice divorced -- First to a President's niece, Emily Norton, - today, by her second marriage, chatelaine of the oldest of England's stately homes.

NARRATOR

Sixteen years after that, - two weeks after his divorce from Emily Norton, Kane married Susan Alexander, singer, at the Town Hall in Trenton, New Jersey.

N E W S D I G E S T

TITLE:

FEW PRIVATE LIVES WERE
MORE PUBLIC

PERIOD STILL of Emily Norton (1900). DISSOLVE

RECONSTRUCTION of very old silent newsreel of wedding party on the back lawn of the White House. Many notables, including the bridegroom, the bride, Thatcher, Sr., Thatcher, Jr., and recognizably Bernstein, Leland, et al, among the guests. Also seen in this group are period newspaper photographers and newsreel cameramen. (1900)

PERIOD STILL of Susan Alexander. DISSOLVE

RECONSTRUCTED SILENT NEWSREEL. Kane, Susan and Bernstein emerging from side doorway of City Hall into a ring of press photographers, reporters, etc. Kane looks startled, recoils for an instant, then charges down upon the photographers, laying about him with his stick, smashing whatever he can hit.

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

For Wife Two, one-time opera singing Susan Alexander, Kane built Chicago's Municipal Opera House. Cost: Three million dollars.

Conceived for Susan Alexander Kane, half finished before she divorced him, the still unfinished Xanadu. Cost: No man can say.

NEWS DIGEST

STILL of Architect's sketch with typically glorified "rendering" of the Chicago Municipal Opera House.

DISSOLVE

A GLAMOROUS SHOT of the almost finished Xanadu, a magnificent fairy-tale estate built on a mountain. (1920)

Then SHOTS of its preparation. (1917)
SHOTS of truck after truck, train after train, flashing by with tremendous noise.
SHOTS of vast dredges, steam-shovels.
SHOT of ship standing offshore unloading into lighters.

In quick succession, SHOTS follow each other, some reconstructed, some in miniature, some real shots (maybe from the dam projects) of building, digging, pouring concrete, etc.

NARRATOR

One hundred thousand trees, twenty thousand tons of marble, are the ingredients of Xanadu's mountain.

Xanadu's livestock: the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, the beast of the field and jungle -- two of each; the biggest private zoo since Noah.

Contents of Kane's palace: paintings, pictures, statues, the very stones of many another palace, shipped to Florida from every corner of the earth, from other Kane houses, warehouses, where they mouldered for years. Enough for ten museums. -- The loot of the world.

More SHOTS as before, only this time we see (in miniature) a large mountain -- at different periods in its development -- rising out of the sands.

SHOTS of elephants, apes, zebras, etc., being herded, unloaded, shipped, etc. in various ways.

SHOTS of packing cases being unloaded from ships, from trains, from trucks, with various kinds of lettering on them (Italian, Arabian, Chinese, etc.) but all consigned to Charles Foster Kane, Xanadu, Florida.

A RECONSTRUCTED STILL of Xanadu -- the main terrace. A group of persons in clothes of the period of 1917. In their midst, clearly recognizable, are Kane and Susan.

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

Kane urged his country's entry into one war. --

-- Opposed participation in another. --

-- Swung the election to one American President at least, was called another's assassin. Thus Kane's papers might never have survived -- had not the President.

NEWS DIGEST

TITLE:

FROM XANADU, FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, ALL KANE ENTERPRISES HAVE BEEN DIRECTED, MANY OF THE NATION'S DESTINIES SHAPED.

SHOTS of various authentically worded headlines of American papers since 1895.

Spanish-American War SHOTS. (1898)

A graveyard in France of the World War and hundreds of crosses. (1919)

OLD NEWSREELS of a political campaign.

INSERT of a particularly virulent headline and/or cartoon.

HEADLINE: "PRESIDENT SHOT"

NARRATOR

Kane, molder of mass opinion though he was, in all his life was never granted elective office by the voters of his country.

Few U. S. news publishers have been. Few, like one-time Congressman Hearst, have ever run for any office -- most know better -- conclude with other political observers that no man's press has power enough for himself. But Kane papers were once strong indeed, and once the prize seemed almost his. In 1910, as Independent Candidate for Governor, the best elements of the State behind him -- the White House seemingly the next easy step in a lightning political career --

NIGHT SHOT of crowd burning Charles Foster Kane in effigy. The dummy bears a grotesque, comic resemblence to Kane. It is tossed into the flames, which burn up --

-- and then down..... (1910)

FADE OUT

TITLE:

IN POLITICS -- ALWAYS A
BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

NEWSREEL SHOTS of great crowds streaming into a building -- Madison Square Garden -- then SHOTS inside the vast auditorium, at one end of which is a huge picture of Kane. (1910)

SHOT OF BOX containing the first Mrs. Kane and young Howard Kane aged five. They are acknowledging the cheers of the crowd. (SILENT SHOT) (1910)

NEWSREEL SHOT Of dignitaries on platform, with Kane, alongside of speaker's table, beaming, hand upraised to silence the crowd. (SILENT SHOT) (1910)

NEWS DIGEST

NARRATOR

Then, suddenly -- less than one week before election -- defeat! Shameful, ignominious; -- defeat that set back for twenty years the cause of Reform in the U.S., forever cancelled political chances for Charles Foster Kane.

Then in the third year of the great depression... As to all publishers it sometimes must -- to Bennett, to Munsey and Hearst it did -- a paper closes! For Kane, in four short years: collapse! Eleven Kane papers, four Kane magazines merged, more sold, scrapped --

NEWS DIGEST

NEWSREEL SHOT - closeup of Kane delivering speech..(1910)

THE FRONT PAGE of a contemporary paper -- A screaming headline -- Twin photos of Kane and Susan. (1910)

PRINTED TITLE about depression.

ONCE MORE REPEAT THE MAP OF THE U.S.A. 1932-1939. Suddenly the cartoon goes into reverse, the empire begins to shrink, illustrating the narrator's words.

THE DOOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE with the signs: "Closed".

NARRATOR

Then four long years more -- alone in his never finished, already decaying, pleasure palace, aloof, seldom visited, never photographed, Charles Foster Kane continued to direct his failing empire....vainly attempted to sway, as he once did, the destinies of a nation that has ceased to listen to him....ceased to trust him....

SHOTS OF XANADU (1940)

SERIES OF SHOTS, entirely modern, but rather jumpy and obviously bootlegged, showing Kane in a bath chair, swathed in steamer rugs, being perambulated through his rose garden, a desolate figure in the sunshine. (1935)

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N E W S D I G E S T

NARRATOR

Last week death came to sit upon the throne of America's Kubla Kahn -- last week, as it must to all men, death came to Charles Foster Kane.

DISSOLVE

Cabinet Photograph (Full Screen) of Kane, as an old, old man. This image remains constant on the screen (as CAMERA PULLS BACK, taking in the interior of a dark projection room).

16 (A fairly large one, with a long throw to the screen.) It is dark.

The image of Kane as an old man remains constant on the screen as CAMERA PULLS BACK, slowly taking in and registering Projection Room. (This action occurs, however, only after the first few lines of ensuing dialogue have been spoken. The shadows of the men speaking appear as they rise from their chairs — black against the image of Kane's face on the screen.)

(NOTE: These are the editors of a "News Digest" short, and of the Rawlston magazines. All his enterprises are represented in the projection room, and Rawlston himself, that great man, is present also and will shortly speak up.

During the entire course of this scene, nobody's face is really seen. Sections of their bodies are picked out by a table light, a silhouette is thrown on the screen, and their faces and bodies are themselves thrown into silhouette against the brilliant slanting rays of light from the projection room.

A third man is on the telephone. We see a corner of his head and the phone.

THIRD MAN
(at phone)
Stand by. I'll tell you if we want to run it again.
(hangs up)

THOMPSON'S VOICE
Well?

A short pause.

A MAN'S VOICE
It's a tough thing to do in a newsreel. Seventy years of a man's life --

Murmur of highly salaried assent at this. Rawlston walks toward camera and out of the picture. Others are rising. (CAMERA during all this, apparently does its best to follow action and pick up faces, but fails. Actually, all set-ups are to be planned very carefully to exclude the element of personality from this scene; which is expressed entirely by voices, shadows, silhouettes and the big bright image of Kane himself on the screen.)

ff (CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

A VOICE
See what Arthur Ellis wrote about him in the American review?

THIRD MAN
I read it.

THE VOICE
(its owner is already leaning across the table, holding a piece of paper under the desk light and reading from it)
Listen: -- Kane is dead. He contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a mountebank, the morals of a bootlegger, and the manners of a pasha. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into a seven percent security -- no longer secure.

ANOTHER VOICE
That's what Arthur Ellis is writing now. Thirty years ago when Kane gave him his chance to clean up Detroit and Chicago and St. Louis, Kane was the greatest guy in the world. If you ask me —

ANOTHER VOICE
Charles Foster Kane was a...

Then observations are made almost simultaneous.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE
Just a minute! --

CAMERA MOVES to take in his bulk outlined against the glow from the projection room.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
What were Kane's last words?

A silence greets this.

(CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
What were the last words he said on earth? -- Thompson, you've made us a good short, but it needs character --

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
Motivation --

RAWLSTON
That's it -- motivation. -- What made Kane what he was? And, for that matter, what was he? -- What we've just seen are the outlines of a career -- what's behind the career? What's the man? Was he good or bad? -- Strong or foolish? -- Tragic or silly? Why did he do all those things? What was he after?
(then, appreciating his point)
Maybe he told us on his death bed.

THOMPSON
Yes, and maybe he didn't.

RAWLSTON
Ask the question anyway, Thompson! Build the picture around the question, even if you can't answer it.

THOMPSON
I know, but --

RAWLSTON
(riding over him like any other producer)
All we saw on that screen was a big American --

A VOICE
One of the biggest.

RAWLSTON
(without pausing for this)
But how is he different from Ford? Or Hearst for that matter? Or Rockefeller -- or John Doe?

(CONTINUED)

A VOICE
I know people worked for Kane will tell you — not only in the newspaper business — look how he raised salaries. You don't want to forget --

ANOTHER VOICE
You take his labor record alone, they ought to hang him like a dog.

RAWLSTON
I tell you, Thompson -- a man's dying words —

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
What were they?

Silence.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
(hesitant)
Yes, Mr. Rawlston, what were Kane's dying words?

THOMPSON
(with disgust)
Rosebud!

A little ripple of laughter at this, which is promptly silenced by Rawlston.

RAWLSTON
That's right.

A VOICE
Tough guy, huh?
(derisively)
Dies calling for Rosebud!

RAWLSTON
Here's a man who might have been President. He's been loved and hated and talked about as much as any man in our time -- but when he comes to die, he's got something on his mind called 'Rosebud.' What does that mean?

16 (CONTINUED)

ANOTHER VOICE
A racehorse he bet on once, probably, that didn't come in -- Rosebud!

RAWLSTON
All right. But what was the race?

There is a short silence.

RAWLSTON (cont'd)
Thompson!

THOMPSON
Yes, sir.

RAWLSTON
Hold this thing up for a week. Two weeks if you have to...

THOMPSON
(feebly)
But don't you think if we release it now -- he's only been dead four days -- it might be better than if --

RAWLSTON
(decisively)
Nothing is ever better than finding out what makes people tick. Go after the people that knew Kane well. That manager of his -- the little guy, Bernstein -- those two wives -- all the people who knew him -- who worked for him -- who loved him -- who hated his guts --
(pauses)
I don't mean go through the City Directory, of course --

The third man gives a hearty 'yes-man' laugh.

THOMPSON
I'll get to it right away, Mr. Rawlston.

(CONTINUED)

ff

16 (CONTINUED)

RAWLSTON
(rising)
Good!

The CAMERA from behind him, outlines his back against Kane's picture on the screen.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE (cont'd)
It'll probably turn out to be a very simple thing.....

FADE OUT

(NOTE: Now begins the story proper -- the search by Thompson for the facts about Kane -- his researches... his interviews with the people who knew Kane.

It is important to remember always that only at the very end of the story is Thompson himself a personality. Until then, throughout the picture, -- we photograph only Thompson's back, shoulders, or his shadow -- sometimes we only record his voice. He is not until the final scene a "character." He is the personification of the search for the truth about Charles Foster Kane. He is the investigator.)

FADE IN

EXT. CHEAP CABARET - "EL RANCHO" - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT - 1940 - (MINIATURE - RAIN)

The first image to register is a sign:

"EL RANCHO"
Floor Show
Susan Alexander Kane
Twice Nightly

These words, spelled out in neon, glow out of the darkness at the end of the FADE OUT. Then there is lightning which reveals a squalid roof-top on which the sign stands. Thunder again, and faintly the sound of music from within. A light glows from a skylight. The CAMERA MOVES to this and CLOSES in. Through the splashes of rain, we see through the skylight down into the interior of the cabaret. Directly below us at a table sits the lone figure of a woman, drinking by herself.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - NIGHT - 1940

18 MED. SHOT of the same woman as before, finishing the drink she started to take above. It is Susie. The music, of course, is now very loud. Thompson, his back to the camera, moves into the picture in the close f.g. A Captain appears behind Susie, speaking across her to Thompson.

THE CAPTAIN
(a Greek)
This is Mr. Thompson, Miss Alexander.

Susan looks up into Thompson's face. She is fifty, trying to look much younger, cheaply blonded, in a cheap, enormously generous evening dress. Blinking up into Thompson's face, she throws a drink into her mouth. Her eyes, which she thinks she is keeping commandingly on his, are bleared and watery.

SUSAN
(to the Captain)
I want another drink, John.

Low thunder from outside.

THE CAPTAIN
(seeing his chance)
Right away. Will you have something, Mr. Thompson?

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON
(starting to sit down)
I'll have a highball.

SUSAN
(so insistently as to make Thompson change his mind and stand up again)
Who told you you could sit down here?

THOMPSON
Oh! I thought maybe we could have a drink together.

SUSAN
Think again!

There is an awkward pause as Thompson looks from her to the Captain.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Why don't you people let me alone? I'm minding my own business. You mind yours.

THOMPSON
If you'd just let me talk to you for a little while, Miss Alexander. All I want to ask you...

SUSAN
Get out of here!
(almost hysterical)
Get out! Get out!

Thompson looks at the Captain who shrugs his shoulders.

THOMPSON
I'm sorry. Maybe some other time --

If he thought he would get a response from Susan, who thinks she is looking at him steelily, he realizes his error. He nods and walks off, following the Captain to the door.

18 (CONTINUED)

THE CAPTAIN
She's just not talking to anybody from the newspapers, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON
I'm not from a newspaper exactly. I —

They have come upon a waiter standing in front of a booth.

THE CAPTAIN
(to the waiter)
Get her another highball.

THE WAITER
Another double?

THE CAPTAIN
(after a moment, pityingly)
Yes.

They walk to the door.

THOMPSON
She's plastered, isn't she?

THE CAPTAIN
She'll snap out of it. Why, until he died, she'd just as soon talk about Mr. Kane as about anybody. Sooner.

THOMPSON
I'll come down in a week or so and see her again. Say, you might be able to help me. When she used to talk about Kane -- did she ever happen to say anything -- about Rosebud?

THE CAPTAIN
Rosebud?

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

Thompson has just handed him a bill. The Captain pockets it.

THE CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Thank you, sir. As a matter of fact, yesterday afternoon, when it was in all the papers -- I asked her. She never heard of Rosebud.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY - 1940

15 An excrutiatingly noble interpretation of Mr. Thatcher himself, executed in expensive marble. He is shown seated on one of those improbable Edwin Booth chairs and is looking down, his stone eyes fixed on the camera.

We MOVE DOWN off of this, showing the impressive pedestal on which the monument is founded. The words, "Walter Parks Thatcher" are prominently and elegantly engraved thereon. Immediately below the inscription we encounter, in a MED. SHOT, the person of Bertha Anderson, an elderly, mannish spinster, seated behind her desk. Thompson, his hat in his hand, is standing before her. Bertha is on the phone.

BERTHA
(into phone)
Yes. I'll take him in now.
(hangs up and looks at Thompson)
The directors of the Thatcher Library have asked me to remind you again of the condition under which you may inspect certain portions of Mr. Thatcher's unpublished memoirs. Under no circumstances are direct quotations from his manuscript to be used by you.

THOMPSON
That's all right.

BERTHA
You may come with me.

Without watching whether he is following her or not, she rises and starts towards a distant and imposingly framed door. Thompson, with a bit of a sigh, follows.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY - 1940

20 A room with all the warmth and charm of Napoleon's tomb.

As we dissolve in, the door opens in and we see past Thompson's shoulders the length of the room. Everything very plain, very much made out of marble and very gloomy. Illumination from a skylight above adds to the general air of expensive and classical despair. The floor is marble, and there is a gigantic, mahogany table in the center of everything. Beyond this is to be seen, sunk in the marble wall at the far end of the room, the safe from which a guard, in a khaki uniform, with a revolver holster at his hip, is extracting the journal of Walter P. Thatcher. He brings it to Bertha as if he were the guardian of a bullion shipment. During this, Bertha has been speaking.

BERTHA
(to the guard)
Pages eighty-three to one hundred and forty-two, Jennings.

GUARD
Yes, Miss Anderson.

BERTHA
(to Thompson)
You will confine yourself, it is our understanding, to the chapter dealing with Mr. Kane.

THOMPSON
That's all I'm interested in.

The guard has, by this time, delivered the precious journal. Bertha places it reverently on the table before Thompson.

BERTHA
You will be required to leave this room at four-thirty promptly.

She leaves. Thompson starts to light a cigarette. The guard shakes his head. With a sigh, Thompson bends over to read the manuscript. CAMERA MOVES DOWN over his shoulder onto page of manuscript.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT MANUSCRIPT, neatly and precisely written:

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE
When these lines appear in print, fifty years after my death, I am confident that the whole world will agree with my opinion of Charles Foster Kane, assuming that he is not then completely forgotten, which I regard as extremely likely. A good deal of nonsense has appeared about my first meeting with Kane, when he was six years old....The facts are simple. In the Winter of 1870....."

The camera has not held on the entire page. It has been following the words with the same action that the eye does in reading. On the last words, the white page of the paper

DISSOLVES INTO

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

21 THE WHITE OF A GREAT FIELD OF SNOW --: (seen from angle of parlor window). In the same position as the last word in above INSERT, appears the tiny figure of Charles Foster Kane, aged five, (almost like an animated cartoon.) He is in the act of throwing a snowball at the camera. It sails toward us and over our heads, out of scene.

22 REVERSE ANGLE - on the house, featuring a large sign reading:

MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE
HIGH CLASS MEALS AND LODGING
INQUIRE WITHIN

Charles Kane's snowball hits the sign.

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

23 CAMERA IS ANGLING through the window, but the window-frame is not cut into scene. We see only the field of snow again, same angle as in previous scene. Charles is manufacturing another snowball. Now --

CAMERA PULLS BACK, the frame of the window appearing, and we are inside the parlor of the boardinghouse. Mrs. Kane, aged about 28, is looking out towards her son. Just as we take her in she speaks:

MRS. KANE
(calling out)
Be careful, Charles!

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER'S VOICE
Mrs. Kane --

MRS. KANE
(calling out the window almost on top of this)
Pull your muffler around your neck, Charles --

But Charles, deliriously happy in the snow, is oblivious to this and is running away. Mrs. Kane turns into camera and we see her face -- a strong face, worn and kind.

THATCHER'S VOICE
I think we'll have to tell him now --

CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK FURTHER, showing Thatcher standing before a table on which is his stove-pipe hat and an imposing multiplicity of official-looking documents. He is 26 and, as might be expected, a very stuffy young man, already very expensive and conservative looking, even in Colorado.

MRS. KANE
I'll sign those papers --

KANE, SR.
You people seem to forget that I'm the boy's father.

At the sound of Kane, Sr.'s voice, both have turned to him and CAMERA PULLS BACK still further, taking him in.

(Kane, Sr., who is the assistant curator in a livery stable, has been groomed as elegantly as is likely for this meeting ever since daybreak.)

From outside the window can be heard faintly the wild and cheerful cries of the boy, blissfully cavorting in the snow.

MRS. KANE
It's going to be done exactly the way I've told Mr. Thatcher --

KANE, SR.
If I want to, I can go to court. A father has the right to --

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

THATCHER
(annoyed)
Mr. Kane, the certificates that Mr. Graves left here are made out to Mrs. Kane, in her name. Hers to do with as she pleases --

KANE, SR.
Well, I don't hold with signing my boy away to any bank as guardian just because --

MRS. KANE
(quietly)
I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.

THATCHER
The Bank's decision in all matters concerning his education, his places of residence and similar subjects will be final.
(clears his throat)

KANE, SR.
The idea of a bank being the guardian --

Mrs. Kane has met his eye. Her triumph over him finds expression in his failure to finish his sentence.

MRS. KANE
(even more quietly)
I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.

THATCHER
We will assume full management of the Colorado Lode -- of which you, Mrs. Kane, are the sole owner.

Kane, Sr. opens his mouth once or twice, as if to say something, but chokes down his opinion.

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

MRS. KANE
(has been reading past Thatcher's shoulder as he talked)
Where do I sign, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER
Right here, Mrs. Kane.

KANE, SR.
(sulkily)
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Mrs. Kane lifts the quill pen.

KANE, SR. (cont'd)
Mary, I'm asking you for the last time -- anyone'd think I hadn't been a good husband and a --

Mrs. Kane looks at him slowly. He stops his speech.

THATCHER
The sum of fifty thousand dollars a year is to be paid to yourself and Mr. Kane as long as you both live, and thereafter the survivor --

Mrs. Kane puts pen to the paper and signs.

KANE, SR.
Well, let's hope it's all for the best.

MRS. KANE
It is. -- Go on, Mr. Thatcher --

Mrs. Kane, listening to Thatcher, of course has had her other ear bent in the direction of the boy's voice. Thatcher is aware both of the boy's voice, which is counter to his own, and of Mrs. Kane's divided attention. As he pauses, Kane, Sr. genteelly walks over to close the window.

24 Kane, Jr., seen from Kane, Sr.'s position at window. He is advancing on the snowman, snowballs in his hands, dropping to one knee the better to confound his adversary.

KANE
If the rebels want a fight boys, let's give it to 'em!

He throws two snowballs, missing widely, and gets up and advances another five feet before getting on his knees again.

KANE (cont'd)
The terms are unconditional surrender. Up and at 'em! The Union forever!

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

25 Kane, Sr., closes the window.

THATCHER
(over the boy's voice)
Everything else -- the principal as well as all monies earned -- is to be administered by the bank in trust for your son, Charles Foster Kane, until his twenty-fifth birthday, at which time he is to come into complete possession.

Mrs. Kane rises and goes to the window.

MRS. KANE
Go on, Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher continues as she opens the window. His voice, as before, is heard with overtones of the boy's.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

26 Kane, Jr., seen from Mrs. Kane's position at the window. He is now within ten feet of the snowman, with one snowba. left which he is holding back in his right hand.

KANE
You can't lick Andy Jackson! Old Hickory, that's me!

(CONTINUED)

He fires his snowball, well wide of the mark and falls flat on his stomach, starting to crawl carefully toward the snowman.

THATCHER'S VOICE
It's nearly five, Mrs. Kane -- don't you think I'd better meet the boy --

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

27 Mrs. Kane at the window. Thatcher is now standing at her side.

MRS. KANE
I've got his trunk all packed -- (she chokes a little) I've had it packed for a couple of weeks --

She can't say any more. She starts for the hall door. Kane, Sr., ill at ease, has no idea of how to comfort her.

THATCHER
I've arranged for a tutor to meet us in Chicago. I'd have brought him along with me, but you were so anxious to keep everything secret --

He stops as he realizes that Mrs. Kane has paid no attention to him and, having opened the door, is already well into the hall that leads to the side door of the house. He takes a look at Kane, Sr., tightens his lips and follows Mrs. Kane. Kane, shoulders thrown back like one who bears defeat bravely, follows him.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY - 1870

28 Kane, in the snow-covered field. With the snowman between him and the house, he is holding the sled in his hand, just about to make the little run that prefaces a belly-flop. The Kane house, in the b.g., is a dilapidated, shabby, two-story frame building, with a wooden outhouse. Kane looks up as he sees the single file procession, Mrs. Kane at its head, coming toward him.

KANE
H'ya, Mom.

Mrs. Kane smiles.

KANE (cont'd)
(gesturing at the snowman)
See, Mom? I took the pipe out of his mouth. If it keeps on snowin', maybe I'll make some teeth and --

MRS. KANE
You better come inside, son. You and I have got to get you all ready for -- for --

THATCHER
Charles, my name is Mr. Thatcher --

MRS. KANE
This is Mr. Thatcher, Charles.

THATCHER
How do you do, Charles.

KANE, SR.
He comes from the East --

KANE
Hello. Hello, Pop.

KANE, SR.
Hello, Charlie!

MRS. KANE
Mr. Thatcher is going to take you on a trip with him tonight, Charles. You'll be leaving on Number Ten.

KANE, SR.
That's the train with all the lights.

KANE
You goin', Mom?

THATCHER
Your mother won't be going right away, Charles --

KANE
Where'm I going?

KANE, SR.
You're going to see Chicago and New York -- and Washington, maybe... Isn't he, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER
(heartily)
He certainly is. I wish I were a little boy and going to make a trip like that for the first time.

KANE
Why aren't you comin' with us, Mom?

MRS. KANE
We have to stay here, Charles.

KANE, SR.
You're going to live with Mr. Thatcher from now on, Charlie! You're going to be rich. Your Ma figures -- that is -- er -- she and I have decided that this isn't the place for you to grow up in. You'll probably be the richest man in America some day and you ought to --

MRS. KANE
You won't be lonely, Charles...

THATCHER
We're going to have a lot of good times together, Charles... Really we are.

Kane stares at him.

THATCHER (cont'd)
Come on, Charles. Let's shake hands.
(extends his hand. Charles continues to look at him)
Now, now! I'm not as frightening as all that! Let's shake, what do you say?

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

He reaches out for Charles' hand. Without a word, Charles hits him in the stomach with the sled. Thatcher stumbles back a few feet, gasping.

THATCHER (cont'd)
(with a sickly grin)
You almost hurt me, Charles.
(moves towards him)
Sleds aren't to hit people with. Sleds are to -- to sleigh on. When we get to New York, Charles, we'll get you a sled that will --

He's near enough to try to put a hand on Kane's shoulder. As he does, Kane kicks him in the ankle.

MRS. KANE
Charles!

He throws himself on her, his arms around her. Slowly Mrs. Kane puts her arms around him.

KANE
(frightened)
Mom! Mom!

MRS. KANE
It's all right, Charles, it's all right.

Thatcher is looking on indignantly, occasionally bending over to rub his ankle.

KANE, SR.
Sorry, Mr. Thatcher! What that kid needs is a good thrashing!

MRS. KANE
That's what you think, is it, Jim?

KANE, SR.
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Kane looks at Mr. Kane.

MRS. KANE
(slowly)
That's why he's going to be brought up where you can't get at him.

DISSOLVE

INSERT (1870-NIGHT)(STOCK OR MINIATURE)
OLD-FASHIONED RAILROAD WHEELS underneath a sleeper, spinning along the track.

DISSOLVE

INT. TRAIN - OLD-FASHIONED DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - 1870

29-33 Thatcher, with a look of mingled exasperation, annoyance, sympathy and inability to handle the situation, is standing alongside a berth, looking at Kane. Kane, his face in the pillow, is crying with heartbreaking sobs.

KANE
Mom! Mom!

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT The white page of the THATCHER MANUSCRIPT. We pick up the words:

"He was, I repeat, a common adventurer, spoiled, unscrupulous, irresponsible."

The words are followed by printed headline on "Enquirer" copy (as in following scene).

INT. ENQUIRER CITY ROOM - DAY - 1898

34 CLOSEUP on printed headline which reads:

"ENEMY ARMADA OFF JERSEY COAST"

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Thatcher holding the "Enquirer" copy, on which we read the headline. He is standing near the editorial round table around which a section of the staff, including Reilly, Leland and Kane are eating lunch.

THATCHER
(coldly)
Is that really your idea of how to run a newspaper?

KANE
I don't know how to run a newspaper, Mr. Thatcher. I just try everything I can think of.

THATCHER
(reading headline of paper he is still holding)
"Enemy Armada Off Jersey Coast." You know you haven't the slightest proof that this -- this armada -- is off the Jersey Coast.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

KANE
Can you prove it isn't?

Bernstein has come into the picture. He has a cable in his hand. He stops when he sees Thatcher.

KANE (cont'd)
Mr. Bernstein -- Mr. Thatcher --

BERNSTEIN
How are you, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER
How do you do --

BERNSTEIN
We just had a wire from Cuba, Mr. Kane --
(stops, embarrassed)

KANE
That's all right. We have no secrets from our readers. Mr. Thatcher is one of our most devoted readers, Mr. Bernstein. He knows what's wrong with every issue since I've taken charge. What's the cable?

BERNSTEIN
(reading)
The food is marvelous in Cuba the senoritas are beautiful stop I could send you prose poems of palm trees and sunrises and tropical colors blending in far off landscapes but don't feel right in spending your money for this stop there's no war in Cuba regards Wheeler.

THATCHER
You see! There hasn't been a true word --

(CONTINUED)

ob

KANE
I think we'll have to send our friend Wheeler a cable, Mr. Bernstein. Of course, we'll have to make it shorter than his, because he's working on an expense account and we're not. Let me see --
(snaps his fingers)
Mike!

MIKE
(a fairly tough customer prepares to take dictation, his mouth still full of food)
Go ahead, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Dear Wheeler --
(pauses a moment)
You provide the prose poems -- I'll provide the war.

Laughter from the boys and girls at the table.

BERNSTEIN
That's fine, Mr. Kane.

KANE
I rather like it myself. Send it right away.

MIKE
Right away.

BERNSTEIN
Right away.

Mike and Bernstein leave. Kane looks up, grinning at Thatcher, who is bursting with indignation but controls himself. After a moment of indecision, he decides to make one last try.

THATCHER
I came to see you, Charles, about your -- about the Enquirer's campaign against the Metropolitan Transfer Company.

KANE
Won't you step into my office, Mr. Thatcher?

They cross the City Room together.

THATCHER
I think I should remind you, Charles, of a fact you seem to have forgotten. You are yourself one of the largest individual stockholders.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY - 1898

34a Kane holds the door open for Thatcher. They come in together.

KANE
Mr. Thatcher, isn't everything I've been saying in the Enquirer about the traction trust absolutely true?

THATCHER
(angrily)
They're all part of your general attack -- your senseless attack -- on everything and everybody who's got more than ten cents in his pocket. They're --

KANE
The trouble is, Mr. Thatcher, you don't realize you're talking to two people.

Kane moves around behind his desk. Thatcher doesn't understand, looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)
As Charles Foster Kane, who has eighty-two thousand, six hundred and thirty-one shares of Metropolitan Transfer -- you see, I do have a rough idea of my holdings -- I sympathize with you. Charles Foster Kane is a dangerous scoundrel, his paper should be run out of town and a committee should be formed to boycott him. You may, if you can form such a committee, put me down for a contribution of one thousand dollars.

34a (CONTINUED)

THATCHER
(angrily)
Charles, my time is too valuable for me --

KANE
On the other hand --
(his manner becomes serious)
I am the publisher of the Enquirer. As such, it is my duty -- I'll let you in on a little secret, it is also my pleasure -- to see to it that decent, hard-working people of this city are not robbed blind by a group of money-mad pirates because, God help them, they have no one to look after their interests! -- I'll let you in on another little secret, Mr. Thatcher. I think I'm the man to do it. You see I have money and property.--

Thatcher doesn't understand him.

KANE (cont'd)
If I don't defend the interests of the underprivileged, somebody else will -- maybe somebody <u>without</u> any money or any property and that would be too bad.

Thatcher glares at him, unable to answer. Kane starts to dance.

KANE (cont'd)
Do you know how to tap, Mr. Thatcher? -- You ought to learn --
(humming quietly, he continues to dance)

Thatcher puts on his hat.

THATCHER
I happened to see your consolidated statement yesterday, Charles. Could I not suggest to you that it is unwise for you to continue this philanthropic enterprise --
(sneeringly)
-- this Enquirer -- that is costing you one million dollars a year?

(CONTINUED)

34n (CONTINUED)

KANE
You're right. We did lose a million dollars last year.

Thatcher thinks maybe the point has registered.

KANE (cont'd)
We expect to lose a million next year, too. You know, Mr. Thatcher --
(starts tapping quietly)
-- at the rate of a million a year -- we'll have to close this place -- in sixty years.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY

35 Thompson - at the desk. With a gesture of annoyance he is closing the manuscript.

CAMERA ARCS QUICKLY AROUND FROM over his shoulder to HOLD on door behind him, missing his face as he rises and turns to confront Miss Anderson who has come into the room to shoo him out. Very prominent on this wall is an over-sized oil painting of Thatcher in the best Union League Club renaissance style.

MISS ANDERSON
You have enjoyed a very rare privilege, young man. Did you find what you were looking for?

THOMPSON
No. Tell me something, Miss Anderson. You're not Rosebud, are you?

MISS ANDERSON
What?

THOMPSON
I didn't think you were. Well, thanks for the use of the hall.

He puts his hat on his head and starts out, lighting a cigarette as he goes. Miss Anderson, scandalized, watches him.

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FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - "ENQUIRER" SKYSCRAPER-DAY-1940

36 CLOSEUP of a still of Kane, aged about sixty-five. CAMERA PULLS BACK, showing it is a framed photograph on the wall. Over the picture are crossed American flags. Under it sits Bernstein, back of his desk. Bernstein, always an undersized Jew, now seems even smaller than in his youth. He is bald as an egg, spry, with remarkably intense eyes. As CAMERA CONTINUES to TRAVEL BACK, the back of Thompson's head and his shoulders come into the picture.

BERNSTEIN
(wryly)
Who's a busy man? Me? I'm Chairman of the Board. I got nothing but time... What do you want to know?

THOMPSON
(still explaining)
Well, Mr. Bernstein, you were with Mr. Kane from the very beginning —

BERNSTEIN
From before the beginning, young fellow. And now it's after the end.
(turns to Thompson)
Anything you want to know about him -- about the paper --

THOMPSON
-- We thought maybe, if we can find out what he meant by that last word -- as he was dying --

BERNSTEIN
That Rosebud? Maybe some girl? There were a lot of them back in the early days and --

THOMPSON
Not some girl he just knew casually and then remembered after fifty years, on his death bed --

(CONTINUED)

ff

36 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
You're pretty young, Mr. --
(remembers the name)
-- Mr. Thompson. A fellow will remember things you wouldn't think he'd remember. You take me. One day, back in 1896, I was crossing over to Jersey on a ferry and as we pulled out there was another ferry pulling in --
(slowly)
-- and on it there was a girl waiting to get off. A white dress she had on -- and she was carrying a white parasol -- and I only saw her for one second and she didn't see me at all -- but I'll bet a month hasn't gone by since that I haven't thought of that girl.
(triumphantly)
See what I mean?
(smiles)
Well, so what are you doing about this 'Rosebud,' Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON
I'm calling on people who knew Mr. Kane. I'm calling on you.

BERNSTEIN
Who else you been to see?

THOMPSON
Well, I went down to Atlantic City --

BERNSTEIN
Susie? I called her myself the day after he died. I thought maybe somebody ought to --
(sadly)
She couldn't even come to the 'phone.

THOMPSON
You know why? She was so --

BERNSTEIN
Sure, sure.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON
I'm going back there.

BERNSTEIN
Who else did you see?

THOMPSON
Nobody else, but I've been through that stuff of Walter Thatcher's. That journal of his...

BERNSTEIN
Thatcher! That man was the biggest darn fool I ever met...

THOMPSON
He made an awful lot of money.

BERNSTEIN
It's no trick to make an awful lot of money if all you want is to make a lot of money.
(his eyes get reflective)
Thatcher!

Bernstein looks out of the window and keeps on looking, seeming to see something as he talks.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
He never knew there was anything in the world but money. That kind of fellow you can fool every day in the week -- and twice on Sundays!
(reflectively)
The time he came to Rome for Mr. Kane's twenty-fifth birthday... You know, when Mr. Kane got control of his own money... Such a fool like Thatcher -- I tell you, nobody's business!

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY - 1940

37-38 Bernstein speaking to Thompson.

BERNSTEIN
He knew what he wanted, Mr. Kane did, and he got it! Thatcher never did figure him out. He was hard to figure sometimes, even for me. Mr. Kane was a genius like he said. He had that funny sense of humor. Sometimes even I didn't get the joke. Like that night the opera house of his opened in Chicago...You know, the opera house he built for Susie, she should be an opera singer...
(indicates with a little wave of his hand what he thinks of that; sighing)
That was years later, of course -- 1914 it was. Mrs. Kane took the leading part in the opera, and she was terrible. But nobody had the nerve to say so -- not even the critics. Mr. Kane was a big man in those days. But this one fellow, this friend of his, Bradford Leland --

He leaves the sentence up in the air, as we

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1914

39 It is late. The room is almost empty. Nobody is at work at the desks. Bernstein, fifty, is waiting anxiously with a little group of Kane's hirelings, most of them in evening dress with overcoats and hats. Everybody is tense and expectant.

CITY EDITOR
(turns to a young hireling; quietly)
What about Bradford Leland? Has he got in his copy?

(CONTINUED)

HIRELING
Not yet.

BERNSTEIN
Go in and ask him to hurry.

CITY EDITOR
Well, why don't you, Mr. Bernstein? You know Mr. Leland.

BERNSTEIN
(looks at him for a moment; then slowly)
I might make him nervous.

CITY EDITOR
(after a pause)
You and Leland and Mr. Kane — you were great friends back in the old days, I understand.

BERNSTEIN
(with a smile)
That's right. They called us the "Three Musketeers."

Somebody behind Bernstein has trouble concealing his laughter. The City Editor speaks quickly to cover the situation.

CITY EDITOR
He's a great guy -- Leland.
(another little pause)
Why'd he ever leave New York?

BERNSTEIN
(he isn't saying)
That's a long story.

ANOTHER HIRELING
(a tactless one)
Wasn't there some sort of quarrel between --

(CONTINUED)

ff

BERNSTEIN
(quickly)
I had nothing to do with it. --
(then somberly)
It was Leland and Mr. Kane, and you couldn't call it a quarrel exactly. Better we should forget such things. --
(turning to City Editor)
-- Leland is writing it up from the dramatic angle?

CITY EDITOR
Yes. I thought it was a good idea. We've covered it from the news end, of course.

BERNSTEIN
And the social. How about the music notice? You got that in?

CITY EDITOR
Oh, yes, it's already made up. Our Mr. Mervin wrote a swell review.

BERNSTEIN
Enthusiastic?

CITY EDITOR
Yes, very!
(quietly)
Naturally.

BERNSTEIN
Well, well -- isn't that nice?

KANE'S VOICE
Mr. Bernstein --

Bernstein turns.

40 MED. LONG SHOT of Kane, now forty-nine, already quite stout. He is in white tie, wearing his overcoat and carrying a folded opera hat.

BERNSTEIN
Hello, Mr. Kane.

The hirelings rush, with Bernstein, to Kane's side. Widespread, half-suppressed sensation.

CITY EDITOR
Mr. Kane, this is a surprise!

KANE
We've got a nice plant here.

Everybody falls silent. There isn't anything to say.

KANE (cont'd)
Was the show covered by every department?

CITY EDITOR
Exactly according to your instructions, Mr. Kane. We've got two spreads of pictures.

KANE
(very, very casually)
And the notice?

CITY EDITOR
Yes -- Mr. Kane.

KANE
(quietly)
Is it good?

CITY EDITOR
Yes, Mr. Kane.

Kane looks at him for a minute.

CITY EDITOR (cont'd)
But there's another one still to come -- the dramatic notice.

KANE
(sharply)
It isn't finished?

CITY EDITOR
No, Mr. Kane.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
That's Leland, isn't it?

CITY EDITOR
Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Has he said when he'll finish?

CITY EDITOR
We haven't heard from him.

KANE
He used to work fast -- didn't he, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
He sure did, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Where is he?

ANOTHER HIRELING
Right in there, Mr. Kane.

The hireling indicates the closed glass door of a little office at the other end of the City Room. Kane takes it in.

BERNSTEIN
(helpless but very concerned)
Mr. Kane --

KANE
That's all right, Mr.Bernstein.

Kane crosses the length of the long City Room to the glass door indicated before by the hireling. The City Editor looks at Bernstein. Kane opens the door and goes into the office, closing the door behind him.

BERNSTEIN
Leland and Mr. Kane -- they ain't spoke together for ten years.
(long pause; finally)
Excuse me.
(starts toward the door)

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1914

41 Bernstein comes in. An empty bottle is standing on Leland's desk. He has fallen over his typewriter, his face on the keys. A sheet of paper is in the machine. A paragraph has been typed. Kane is standing at the other side of the desk looking down at him. This is the first time we see murder in Kane's face. Bernstein looks at Kane, then crosses to Leland. He shakes him.

BERNSTEIN
Hey, Brad! Brad!
(he straightens, looks at Kane; pause)
He ain't been drinking before, Mr. Kane. Never. We would have heard.

KANE
(finally; after a pause)
What does it say there?

Bernstein stares at him.

KANE (cont'd)
What's he written?

Bernstein leans over near-sightedly, painfully reading the paragraph written on the page.

BERNSTEIN
(reading)
"Miss Susan Alexander, a pretty but hopelessly incompetent amateur --
(he waits for a minute to catch his breath; he doesn't like it)
-- last night opened the new Chicago Opera House in a performance of -- of --"
(looks up miserably)
-- I can't pronounce that name, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Thais.

Bernstein looks at Kane for a moment, then looks back, tortured.

(CONTINUED)

41 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
(reading again)
"Her singing, happily, is no concern of this department. Of her acting, it is absolutely impossible to --"
(he continues to stare at the page)

KANE
(after a short silence)
Go on!

BERNSTEIN
(without looking up)
That's all there is.

Kane snatches the paper from the roller and reads it for himself. Slowly a queer look comes into his face. Then he speaks, very quietly.

KANE
Of her acting, it is absolutely impossible to say anything except that it represents in the opinion of this reviewer a new low --
(then sharply)
Have you got that, Mr. Bernstein? In the opinion of this reviewer --

BERNSTEIN
(miserably)
I didn't see that.

KANE
It isn't here, Mr. Bernstein. I'm dictating it.

BERNSTEIN
(looks at him)
I can't take shorthand.

KANE
Get me a typewriter. I'll finish the notice.

Bernstein retreats from the room.

QUICK DISSOLVE OUT

QUICK DISSOLVE IN

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1914

42 LONG SHOT of Kane in his shirt sleeves, illuminated by a desk light, typing furiously. As the CAMERA starts to PULL even further away from this, and as Bernstein - as narrator - begins to speak --

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY - 1940

43 Bernstein speaking to Thompson.

BERNSTEIN
He finished it. He wrote the worst notice I ever read about the girl he loved. We ran it in every paper.

THOMPSON
(after a pause)
I guess Mr. Kane didn't think so well of Susie's art anyway.

BERNSTEIN
(looks at him very soberly)
He thought she was great, Mr. Thompson. He really believed that. He put all his ambition on that girl. After she came along he never really cared for himself like he used to. Oh, I don't blame Susie --

THOMPSON
Well, then, how could he write that roast? The notices in the Kane papers were always very kind to her.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Oh, yes. He saw to that. -- I tell you, Mr. Thompson, he was a hard man to figure out. He had that funny sense of humor. -- And then, too, maybe he thought by finishing that piece he could show Leland he was an honest man. You see, Leland didn't think so. I guess he showed him all right. You must talk to Leland some time. He's a nice fellow, but he's a dreamer. They were always together in those early days when we just started the Enquirer.

On these last words, we

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - "ENQUIRER" BUILDING - DAY - 1891

44-45 The front half of the second floor constitutes one large City Room. Despite the brilliant sunshine outside, very little of it is actually getting into the room because the windows are small and narrow. There are about a dozen tables and desks, of the old-fashioned type, not flat, available for reporters. Two tables, on a raised platform at the end of the room, obviously serve the city room executives. To the left of the platform is an open door which leads into the Sanctum.

As Kane and Leland enter the room an elderly, stout gent on the raised platform, strikes a bell and the other eight occupants of the room -- all men -- rise and face the new arrivals. Carter, the elderly gent, in formal clothes, rises and starts toward them.

CARTER
Welcome, Mr. Kane, to the "Enquirer." I am Herbert Carter.

KANE
Thank you, Mr. Carter. This is Mr. Leland.

CARTER
(bowing)
How do you do, Mr. Leland?

(CONTINUED)

KANE
(pointing to the standing reporters)
Are they standing for me?

CARTER
I thought it would be a nice gesture -- the new publisher --

KANE
(grinning)
Ask them to sit down.

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

CARTER
You may resume your work, gentlemen.
(to Kane)
I didn't know your plans and so I was unable to make any preparations.

KANE
I don't know my plans myself.

They are following Carter to his raised platform.

KANE (cont'd)
As a matter of fact, I haven't got any. Except to get out a newspaper.

There is a terrific crash at the doorway. They all turn to see Bernstein sprawled at the entrance. A roll of bedding, a suitcase and two framed pictures were too much for him.

KANE (cont'd)
Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up.

KANE (cont'd)
If you would come here a moment, please, Mr. Bernstein?

Bernstein rises and comes over, tidying himself as he comes.

KANE (cont'd)
Mr. Carter, this is Mr. Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein is my general manager.

CARTER
(frigidly)
How do you do, Mr. Bernstein.

KANE
You've got a private office here, haven't you?

The delivery wagon driver has now appeared in the entrance with parts of the bedstead and other furniture. He is looking about, a bit bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

CARTER
(indicating open door to left of platform)
My little sanctum is at your disposal. But I don't think I understand --

KANE
I'm going to live right here.
(reflectively)
As long as I have to.

CARTER
But a morning newspaper, Mr. Kane. -- After all, we're practically closed for twelve hours a day -- except for the business offices --

KANE
That's one of the things I think must be changed, Mr. Carter. The news goes on for twenty-four hours a day.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - LATE DAY - 1891

46 Kane, in his shirt sleeves, at a roll top desk in the Sanctum, is working feverishly on copy and eating a very sizeable meal at the same time. Carter, still formally coated, is seated alongside him. Leland, seated in a corner, is looking on, detached, amused. The furniture has been pushed around and Kane's effects are somewhat in place. On a corner of the desk, Bernstein is writing down figures. No one pays any attention to him.

KANE
I'm not critizising, Mr. Carter, but here's what I mean. There's a front page story in the "Chronicle,"
(points to it)
and a picture -- of a woman in Brooklyn who is missing. Probably murdered.
(looks to make sure of the name)
A Mrs. Harry Silverstone. Why didn't the "Enquirer" have that this morning?

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

CARTER
(stiffly)
Because we're running a newspaper, Mr. Kane, not a scandal sheet.

Kane has finished eating. He pushes away his plates.

KANE
I'm still hungry, Brad. Let's go to Rector's and get something decent.
(pointing to the "Chronicle" before him)
The "Chronicle" has a two column headline, Mr. Carter. Why haven't we?

CARTER
There is no news big enough.

KANE
If the headline is big enough, it makes the news big enough. The murder of Mrs. Harry Silverstone --

CARTER
(hotly)
As a matter of fact, we sent a man to the Silverstone home yesterday afternoon.
(triumphantly)
Our man even arrived before the "Chronicle" reporter. And there's no proof that the woman was murdered -- or even that she's dead.

KANE
(smiling a bit)
The "Chronicle" doesn't say she's murdered, Mr. Carter. It says the neighbors are getting suspicious.

CARTER
(stiffly)
It's not our function to report the gossip of housewives. If we were interested in that kind of thing, Mr. Kane, we could fill the paper twice over daily --

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

KANE
(gently)
That's the kind of thing we are going to be interested in from now on, Mr. Carter. Right now, I wish you'd send your best man up to see Mr. Silverstone. Have him tell Mr. Silverstone if he doesn't produce his wife at once, the "Enquirer" will have him arrested.
(he gets an idea)
Have him tell Mr. Silverstone he's a detective from the Central Office. If Mr. Silverstone asks to see his badge, your man is to get indignant and call Mr. Silverstone an anarchist. Loudly, so that the neighbors can hear.

CARTER
Really, Mr. Kane, I can't see that the function of a respectable newspaper --

Kane isn't listening to him.

KANE
Oh, Mr. Bernstein!

Bernstein looks up from his figures.

KANE (cont'd)
I've just made a shocking discovery. The "Enquirer" is without a telephone. Have two installed at once!

BERNSTEIN
I ordered six already this morning! Got a discount!

Kane looks at Leland with a fond nod of his head at Bernstein. Leland grins back. Mr. Carter, meantime, has risen stiffly.

CARTER
But, Mr. Kane --

(CONTINUED)

mm

46 (CONTINUED)

KANE
That'll be all today, Mr. Carter. You've been most understanding. Good day, Mr. Carter!

Carter, with a look that runs just short of apoplexy, leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

LELAND
Poor Mr. Carter!

KANE
(shakes his head)
What makes these fellows think that a newspaper is something rigid, something inflexible, that people are supposed to pay two cents for --

BERNSTEIN
(without looking up)
Three cents.

KANE
(calmly)
Two cents.

Bernstein lifts his head and looks at Kane. Kane gazes back at him.

BERNSTEIN
(tapping on the paper)
This is all figured at three cents a copy.

KANE
Re-figure it, Mr. Bornstein, at two cents.

BERNSTEIN
(sighs and puts papers in his pocket)
All right, but I'll keep these figures, too, just in case.

KANE
Ready for dinner, Brad?

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Mr. Leland, if Mr. Kane he should decide to cut the price to one cent, or maybe even he should make up his mind to give the paper away with a half-pound of tea -- you'll just hold him until I get back, won't you?

LELAND
I'm not guaranteeing a thing, Bernstein. You people work too fast for me! Talk about new brooms!

BERNSTEIN
Who said anything about brooms?

KANE
It's a saying, Mr. Bernstein. A new broom sweeps clean.

BERNSTEIN
Oh!

DISSOLVE

INT. PRIMITIVE COMPOSING AND PRESSROOM - NEW YORK "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1891

47 The ground floor with the windows on the street - of the "Enquirer." It is almost midnight by an old-fashioned clock on the wall. Grouped around a large table, on which are several locked forms of type, very old-fashioned of course, but true to the period -- are Kane and Leland in elegant evening clothes, Bernstein, unchanged from the afternoon, Carter and Smathers, the composing room foreman, nervous and harassed.

SMATHERS
But it's impossible, Mr. Kane. We can't remake these pages.

KANE
These pages aren't made up as I want them, Mr. Smathers. We go to press in five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

CARTER
(about to crack up)
The "Enquirer" has an old and honored tradition, Mr. Kane -- The "Enquirer" is not in competition with those other rags.

BERNSTEIN
We should be publishing such rags, that's all I wish. Why, the "Enquirer" -- I wouldn't wrap up the liver for the cat in the "Enquirer" --

CARTER
(enraged)
Mr. Kane, I must ask you to see to it that this -- this person learns to control his tongue.

Kane looks up.

CARTER (cont'd)
I've been a newspaperman my whole life and I don't intend --
(he starts to sputter)
-- if it's your intention that I should continue to be harassed by this -- this --
(he's really sore)
I warn you, Mr. Kane, it would go against my grain to desert you when you need me so badly -- but I would feel obliged to ask that my resignation be accepted.

KANE
It is accepted, Mr. Carter, with assurances of my deepest regret.

CARTER
But Mr. Kane, I meant --

Kane turns his back on him, speaks again to the composing room foreman.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

KANE
(quietly)
Let's remake these pages, Mr. Smathers. We'll have to publish a half hour late, that's all.

SMATHERS
(as though Kane were talking Greek)
We can't remake them, Mr. Kane. We go to press in five minutes.

Kane sighs, unperturbed, as he reaches out his hand and shoves the forms off the table onto the floor, where they scatter into hundreds of bits.

KANE
You can remake them now, can't you, Mr. Smathers?

Smathers' mouth opens wider and wider. Bradford and Bernstein are grinning.

KANE (cont'd)
After the types've been reset and the pages have been remade according to the way I told you before, Mr. Smathers, kindly have proofs pulled and bring them to me. Then, if I can't find any way to improve them again --
(almost as if reluctantly)
-- I suppose we'll have to go to press.

He starts out of the room, followed by Leland.

BERNSTEIN
(to Smathers)
In case you don't understand, Mr. Smathers -- he's a new broom.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1891

48 The picture is mainly occupied by a large building, on the roof of which the lights spell out the word "Enquirer" against the sunrise. We do not see the street or the first few stories of this building, the windows of which would be certainly illuminated. What we do see is the floor on which is located the City Room. Over this scene newsboys are heard selling the Chronicle, their voices growing in volume.

As the dissolve completes itself, CAMERA MOVES toward the one lighted window - the window of the Sanctum.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - VERY EARLY DAWN - 1891

49 The newsboys are still heard from the street below - fainter but very insistent.

Kane's office is gas-lit, of course, as is the rest of the Enquirer building.

Kane, in his shirt sleeves, stands at the open window looking out. The bed is already made up. On it is seated Bernstein, smoking the end of a cigar. Leland is in a chair.

NEWSBOYS' VOICES
Chronicle! -- Chronicle! -- H'ya -- the Chronicle! -- Get ya! Chronicle!

Kane, taking a deep breath of the morning air, closes the window and turns to the others. (The voices of the newsboys, naturally, are very much fainter after this.)

LELAND
We'll be on the street soon, Charlie -- another ten minutes.

BERNSTEIN
(looking at his watch)
It's three hours and fifty minutes late -- but we did it --

Leland rises from the chair, stretching painfully.

KANE
Tired?

dy

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

LELAND
It's been a tough day.

KANE
A wasted day.

BERNSTEIN
(looking up)
Wasted?

LELAND
(incredulously)
Charlie?!

BERNSTEIN
You just made the paper over four times today, Mr. Kane -- That's all --

KANE
I've changed the front page a little, Mr. Bernstein. That's not enough. -- There's something I've got to get into this paper besides pictures and print -- I've got to make the "New York Enquirer" as important to New York as the gas in that light.

LELAND
(quietly)
What're you going to do, Charlie?

Kane looks at him for a minute with a queer smile of happy concentration.

KANE
My Declaration of Principles --
(he says it with quotes around it)
-- Don't smile, Brad. --
(getting the idea)
Take dictation, Mr. Bernstein --

BERNSTEIN
I can't write shorthand, Mr. Kane --

49 (CONTINUED)

KANE
I'll write it myself.

Kane grabs a piece of rough paper and a grease crayon. Sitting down on the bed next to Bernstein, he starts to write.

BERNSTEIN
(looking over his shoulder)
You don't wanta make any promises, Mr. Kane, you don't wanta keep.

KANE
(as he writes)
These'll be kept.
(stops for a minute and reads what he has written; reading)
I'll provide the people of this city with a daily paper that will tell all the news honestly.
(starts to write again; reading as he writes)
I will also provide them --

LELAND
That's the second sentence you've started with "I" --

KANE
(looking up)
People are going to know who's responsible. And they're going to get the news -- the true news -- quickly and simply and entertainingly.
(he speaks with real conviction)
And no special interests will be allowed to interfere with the truth of that news.

He looks at Leland for a minute and goes back to his writing, reading as he writes.

49 (CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
I will also provide them with a fighting and tireless champion of their rights as citizens and human beings --
Signed - Charles Foster Kane.

Kane stops; without looking up reads again what he has written, but not aloud.

LELAND
Charlie --

Now Kane looks up.

LELAND (cont'd)
Can I have that?

KANE
I'm going to print it --
(he opens the door and calls)
Mike!

Mike comes to the door.

MIKE
Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Here's an editorial. I want to run it on a box on the front page.

MIKE
(very wearily)
Today's front page, Mr. Kane?

KANE
That's right. We'll have to remake again -- better go down and let them know.

MIKE
(resigned)
All right, Mr. Kane.

Mike starts awat.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
Just a minute, Mike.

Mike turns.

LELAND (cont'd)
When you're done with that,
I'd like to have it back.

Mike registers his complete despair and disgust and leaves. Kane is looking at Leland.

LELAND (cont'd)
-- I'd just like to keep that
particular piece of paper myself.
I've got a hunch it might turn
out to be one of the important
papers -- of our time.
(by this time,
a little ashamed
of his ardor)
A document -- like the Declaration
of Independence.

Kane is still looking at him, a little pained himself by this kind of talk.

LELAND (cont'd)
-- and the Constitution --
(he smiles -
making a joke
of it)
-- and my first report card at
school.

Kane smiles back at him, but they are both serious. Kane rises and a little shyly hands Leland the paper. Then he moves to the window and opens it again. The voices of the newsboys fill the air, echoing in the empty streets.

VOICES OF NEWSBOYS
Chronicle! -- E'ya, the
Chronicle! Get ya' Chronicle!
-- the Chronicle!

Bernstein has risen and crossed to one side of Kane. They both stand looking out. Leland joins him on the other side. Their three heads are silhouetted against the sky. Leland's head is seen to turn slightly as he looks into Kane's face -- CAMERA VERY CLOSE on this -- Kane turns to him and we know their eyes have met, although their faces are almost in silhouette. Bernstein is still smoking a cigar.

DISSOLVE

50-57 INSERT - FRONT PAGE of the ENQUIRER shows big boxed editorial with heading:

MY PRINCIPLES - A DECLARATION

By Charles Foster Kane

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK AND SHOWS newspaper to be on the top of a pile of newspapers. AS WE DRAW FURTHER BACK, we see four piles, and as CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK, we see six piles and GO ON BACK until we see a big field of ENQUIRERS -- piles of ENQUIRERS -- all 26,000 copies ready for distribution.

A wagon with a huge sign on its side reading:

"ENQUIRER - CIRCULATION 26,000"

passes through foreground, and we DIPL TO:

A pile of ENQUIRERS for sale on a broken down wooden box on a street corner, (obviously a poor district.) A couple of coins fall on the pile.

The stoop of a period door with old-fashioned enamel milk can and a bag of rolls. Across the sidewalk before this moves the shadow of an old-fashioned bicycle with an enormous front wheel. A copy of the ENQUIRER is tossed on the stoop.

A breakfast table -- beautiful linen and beautiful silver -- everything very expensive, gleaming in the sunshine. Into a silver newspaper rack there is slipped a copy of the ENQUIRER. (Here, as before, the boxed editorial reading MY PRINCIPLES - A DECLARATION by Charles Foster Kane, is very prominent on the front page.)

The wooden floor of a railroad station, flashing light and dark as a train behind the camera rushes by. On the floor there is tossed a bound bundle of the NEW YORK ENQUIRER - the DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES still prominent.

Rural Delivery - a copy of the ENQUIRER being put into RFD boxes.

Back to ENQUIRER BUILDING, showing copies of ENQUIRERS being put into bins, showing state distribution.

The railroad platform again. We stay here for four images. On each image the speed of the train is faster and the piles of the ENQUIRER are larger. On the first image we move in to hold on the words "CIRCULATION - 31,000." We are this close for the next pile which reads 40,000; the next one which reads 55,000,and the last which is 62,000. In each instance, the bundles of newspapers are thicker and the speed of the moving train behind the camera is increased.

The entire montage above indicated is accompanied by a descriptive complement of sound -- the traffic noises of New York in the 1890's; wheels on cobblestones and horses' hooves; bicycle bells; the mooing of cattle and the crowing of roosters (in the RFD shot,) and in all cases where the railroad platform is used -- the mounting sound of the railroad train.

The last figure "62,000" opposite the word "CIRCULATION" on the ENQUIRER masthead changes to:

EXT. STREET AND CHRONICLE BUILDING - DAY - 1895

58 ANGLE UP to wall of building - a painter on a cradle is putting the last zero to the figure "62,000" on an enormous sign advertising the Enquirer. It reads:

THE ENQUIRER
THE PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATION 62,000

CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN side of building -- takes in another building on which there is a sign which reads:

READ THE ENQUIRER
AMERICA'S FINEST
CIRCULATION 62,000

CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRAVEL DOWN to sidewalk in front of the Chronicle office. The Chronicle office has a plateglass window in which is reflected traffic moving up and down the street, also the figures of Kane, Leland and Bernstein, who are munching peanuts.

Inside the window, almost filling it, is a large photograph of the Chronicle staff, with Reilly prominently seated in the center. A sign over the photo reads: EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE. A sign beneath it reads: GREATEST NEWSPAPER STAFF IN THE WORLD. The sign also includes the Chronicle circulation figure. There are nine men in the photo.

BERNSTEIN
(looking up at the sign - happily)
Sixty-two thousand --

LELAND
That looks pretty nice.

KANE
(indicating the Chronicle Building)
Let's hope they like it in there.

BERNSTEIN
From the Chronicle Building that sign is the biggest thing you can see -- every floor guaranteed -- let's hope it bothers them -- it cost us enough.

KANE
(pointing to the sign over the photograph in the window)
Look at that.

LELAND
The Chronicle is a good newspaper.

KANE
It's a good idea for a newspaper.
(reading the figures)
Four hundred sixty thousand.

BERNSTEIN
Say, with them fellows -
(referring to the photo)
-- it's no trick to get circulation.

KANE
You're right, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
(sighs)
You know how long it took the Chronicle to get that staff together? Twenty years.

KANE
I know.

Kane, smiling, lights a cigarette, at the same time looking into the window. CAMERA MOVES IN to hold on the photograph of nine men, still holding the reflection of Kane's smiling face.

DISSOLVE

INT. CITY ROOM - THE ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1895

59 Nine men, arrayed as in the photograph, but with Kane beaming in the center of the first row. The men, variously with mustaches, beards, bald heads, etc., are easily identified as being the same men, Reilly prominent amongst them.

As CAMERA PULLS BACK, it is revealed that they are being photographed - by an old-type professional photographer, big box, black hood and all - in a corner of the room. It is 1:30 at night. Desks, etc., have been pushed against the wall. Running down the center of the room is a long banquet table, at which twenty diners have finished their meals. The eleven remaining at their seats - these include Bernstein and Leland - are amusedly watching the photographic ceremonies.

PHOTOGRAPHER
That's all. Thank you.

The photographic subjects rise.

KANE
(a sudden thought)
Make up an extra copy and mail it to the "Chronicle".

Chuckling and beaming, he makes his way to his place at the head of the table. The others have already sat down. Kane gets his guests' attention by rapping on the table with a knife.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
Gentlemen of the "Enquirer"! This has, I think, been a fitting welcome to those distinguished journalists --
(indicates the eight men)
Mr. Reilly in particular -- who are the latest additions to our ranks. It will make them happy to learn that the "Enquirer's" circulation this morning passed the two hundred thousand mark.

BERNSTEIN
Two hundred and one thousand, six hundred and forty-seven.

General applause.

KANE
All of you - new and old -- You're all getting the best salaries in town. Not one of you has been hired because of his loyalty. It's your talent I'm interested in. That talent that's going to make the "Enquirer" the kind of paper I want -- the best newspaper in the world!

Applause.

KANE (cont'd)
However, I think you'll agree we've heard enough about newspapers and the newspaper business for one night. There are other subjects in the world.

He puts his two fingers in his mouth and lets out a shrill whistle. This is a signal. A band strikes up a lively ditty of the period and enters in advance of a regiment of very magnificent maidens, as daringly arrayed as possible in the chorus costumes of the day. (The rest of this episode will be planned and staged later. Its essence is that Kane is just a healthy and happy young man having a wonderful time.)

As some of the girls are detached from the line and made into partners for individual dancing --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT THE "ENQUIRER" SIGN:

THE ENQUIRER
AMERICA'S FINEST
CIRCULATION
274,321

DISSOLVE just completes itself -- the image of Kane dancing with a girl on each arm just disappears as CAMERA PANS DOWN off the Temple Bldg. in the same action as the previous street scene. There is a new sign on the side of the building below. It reads:

READ THE ENQUIRER
GREATEST STAFF IN THE WORLD

CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING as we

DISSOLVE

60 A MONTAGE of various scenes, between the years 1891-1900.

The scenes indicate the growth of the "ENQUIRER" under the impulse of Kane's personal drive. Kane is shown, thus, at various activities:

(A) MOVE DOWN from sign:

READ THE ENQUIRER
GREATEST STAFF IN THE WORLD

to street in front of saloon with parade passing (boys going off to the Spanish-American War) -- A torchlight parade with the torches reflected in the glass window of the saloon -- the sound of brass band playing "It's A Hot Time". In the window of the saloon is a large sign or poster "REMEMBER THE MAINE".

(B) INSERT: Remington drawing of American boys, similar to the parade above, in which "Our Boys" in the expeditionary hats are seen marching off to war.

(C) Back of observation car. SHOT OF KANE congratulating Teddy Roosevelt. (The same shot as in News Digest - without flickering.)

(D) The wooden floor of the RAILROAD PLATFORM again -- a bundle of ENQUIRERS -- this time an enormous bundle -- is thrown down, and the moving shadows of the train behind the camera indicate that it is going like a bat out of hell. A reproduction of Kane and Teddy shaking hands as above is very prominent in the frame and almost hogs the entire front page. The Headline indicates the surrender of Cuba.

(CONTINUED)

60 (CONTINUED)

(E) and (F) OMITTED

(G) INT. ENQUIRER OFFICE - CARTOON, highly dramatic and very involved as to content -- lousy with captions, labels and symbolic figures, the most gruesome and recognizable -- "CAPITALISTIC GREED". This cartoon is almost finished and is on a drawing board before which stand Kane and the artist himself. Kane is grinning over some suggestion he has made.

DISSOLVE

(H) The CARTOON finished and reproduced on the editorial page of the ENQUIRER -- in quite close, with an editorial and several faces of caps shown underneath. The entire newspaper is crushed with an angry gesture and thrown down into an expensive-looking wastebasket reposing on thick Persian carpeting. Into this wastebasket (which is primarily for ticker tape) tape is pouring.

(I) INT. ENQUIRER OFFICE - Cartoonist and Kane working on comic strip of "Johnny the Monk."

DISSOLVE

(J) FLOOR OF ROOM - Two kids on floor, with newspaper spread out, looking at the same comic strip.

(K) KANE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY with photographers, stooges and Kane himself in attendance on a very hot-looking item of the period. A sob sister is interviewing this hot number and Kane is arranging her dress to look more seductive.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

(L) THE HOT NUMBER reproduced and prominently displayed and covering almost half a page of the "ENQUIRER". It is being read in a barber shop and is seen in an OVER-SHOULDER SHOT of the man who is reading it. He is getting a shine, a manicure and a haircut. The sob-sister caption over the photograph reveals: "I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, SAYS DANCER. EVERYTHING WENT RED." An oval photograph of the gun is included in the lay-out of the pretty lady with a headline which says: "DEATH GUN."

(M) STREET - SHOT of bucket brigade.

SHOT OF KANE, in evening clothes, in obvious position of danger, grabbing camera from photographer. Before him rages a terrific tenement fire.

DISSOLVE

INSERT - HEADLINE about inadequacy of present fire equipment.

DISSOLVE

FINAL SHOT of a new horse-drawn steam engine roaring around a street corner (STOCK).

DISSOLVE

(N) A BLACK PATTERN OF IRON BARS. We are in a prison cell. The door is opened and a condemned man, with priest, warden and the usual attendants, moves into f.g. and starts up the hall past a group which includes photographers, Kane's sob sister and Kane. The photographers take pictures with a mighty flash of old-fashioned flash powder. The condemned man in the f.g. (in silhouette) is startled by this.

DISSOLVE

(O) A copy of the "ENQUIRER" spread out on a table. A big lay-out of the execution story includes the killer as photographed by Kane's photographers, and nearby on the other page there is a large picture of the new steam fire engine (made from the STOCK SHOT) with a headline indicating that the "ENQUIRER" has won its campaign for better equipment. A cup of coffee and a doughnut are on the newspaper, and a Servant Girl -- over whose shoulder we see the paper -- is stirring the coffee.

(CONTINUED)

60 (CONTINUED)

(P) THE BEAUX ART BALL. A number of elderly swells are jammed into a hallway. Servants suddenly divest them of their furs, overcoats and wraps, revealing them to be in fancy dress costume, pink fleshings, etc., the effect to be very surprising, very lavish and very very ridiculous. We see, among others, Mr. Thatcher himself (as Ben Hur) ribbon around his bald head and all. At the conclusion of this tableau, the image FREEZES and we PULL BACK to show it reproduced on the society page of the "NEW YORK ENQUIRER."

(Q) Over the "ENQUIRER'S" pictorial version of the BEAUX ART BALL is thrown a huge fish - then coffee grounds -- altogether a pretty repulsive sight.

(R) The whole thing is bundled up and thrown into a garbage can.

(S) EXTREME CLOSEUP of the words: "OCCUPATION - JOURNALIST."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show passport open to the photograph page which shows Kane, registering Birth, Race, and Nationality. Passport cover is closed, showing it to be an American passport.

EXT. CUNARD DOCKS - GANGPLANK AND DECK OF BOAT -NIGHT-1900

61 As CAMERA PULLS BACK over shoulder of official, taking in Kane, Leland and Bernstein, we see the bustle and noise of departing ocean liner. Behind the principals can be seen an enormous plain sign which reads: "FIRST CLASS". From offstage can be heard the steward's cry, indispensable in any Mercury production, the old familiar cry, "All Ashore That's Going Ashore!" -- gongs, also blasts of the great whistle and all the rest of it.

THE OFFICIAL
There you are, Mr. Kane. Everything in order.

KANE
Thank you.

Kane and Leland and Bernstein start up the gangplank.

THE OFFICIAL
(calling)
Have a nice crossing!

61 (CONTINUED)

KANE
Thanks.

BERNSTEIN
(shrieking above the noise of departure-- running up the gangplank after Kane)
Have a good rest, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Thanks.

BERNSTEIN
But please, Mr. Kane, don't buy any more paintings. Nine Venuses already we got, twenty-six Virgins -- two whole warehouses full of stuff --

KANE
I promise not to bring any more Venuses and not to worry -- and not to try to get in touch with any of the papers --

STEWARD'S VOICE
All ashore!

KANE
-- and to forget all about the new feature sections -- and not to try to think up any ideas for comic sections.

STEWARD'S VOICE
All ashore that's going ashore!

Kane leaves Leland and Bernstein midway up gangplank, as he rushes up it, calling back with a wave:

KANE
Good-bye, gents!
(at the top of the gangplank, he turns and calls down)
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

Leland and Bernstein, who have started down to dock, turn back to him.

KANE (cont'd)
(calling down to them)
You don't expect me to keep any of those promises, do you?

A band on deck strikes up "Auld Lang Syne." Bernstein and Leland turn to each other.

BERSTEIN
Do you, Mr. Leland?

LELAND
(smiling)
Certainly not.

They start down the gangplank together.

DISSOLVE

LONG SHOT OF THE ENQUIRER BLDG. - NIGHT

62 The pattern of telegraph wires, dripping with rain, through which we see the same old building but now rendered fairly remarkable by tremendous outline sign in gold which reads "THE NEW YORK DAILY ENQUIRER." A couple of lights show in the building. We start toward the window where the lights show, as we --

DISSOLVE

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW AT BERNSTEIN'S DESK - NIGHT

63 The light in the window in the former shot was showing behind the letter "E" of the Enquirer sign. Now the letter "E" is even larger than the frame of the Camera.-- Rain drips disconsolately off the middle part of the figure. We see through this and through the drizzle of the window to Bernstein's desk where he sits working under a blue shaded light.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

SAME SETUP AS BEFORE

64 except that it is now late afternoon and late in the winter of the year. The outline "E" is hung with icicles which are melting, dripping despairingly between us and Mr. Bernstein, still seated at his desk -- still working.

DISSOLVE

SAME SETUP AS BEFORE

65 except that it is spring. Instead of the sad sounds of dripping rain or dripping icicles we hear the melancholy cry of a hurdy-gurdy in the street below. It is spring and through the window and through the letter "E" we can still see Bernstein working at his desk. Pigeons are gathering on the "E" and on the sill. Bernstein looks up and sees them. He takes some crumbs from his little home-made lunch which is spread out on the desk before him, carries them to the windows and feeds the pigeons, looking moodily out on the prospect of spring on Park Row. The birds eat the crumbs -- the hurdy-gurdy continues to play.

DISSOLVE

THE SAME SETUP AGAIN

66 It is now summer. The window was half-open before... now it's open all the way and Bernstein has gone so far as to take off his coat. His shirt and his celluloid collar are wringing wet. CAMERA MOVES toward the window to tighten on Bernstein and to take in the City Room behind him, which is absolutely deserted. It is clear that there is almost nothing more for Bernstein to do. The hurdy-gurdy in the street is playing as before but a new tune.

DISSOLVE

A BEACH ON CONEY ISLAND

67 Bernstein in a rented period bathing suit sits alone in the sand, reading a copy of the Enquirer.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. CITY ROOM - "ENQUIRER" BLDG. - DAY - 1900

68 The whole floor is now a City Room. It is twice its former size, yet not too large for all the desks and the people using them. The windows have been enlarged, providing a good deal more light and air. A wall calendar says September 9th.

Kane and Bernstein enter and stand in the entrance a moment. Kane, who really did look a bit peaked before, is now clear-eyed and tanned. He is wearing new English clothes. As they come into the room, Bernstein practically walking sideways, is doing nothing but beaming and admiring Kane, quelling like a mother at the Carnegie Hall debut of her son. Seeing and recognizing Kane, the entire staff rises to its feet.

KANE
(referring to the staff; with a smile)
Ask them to sit down, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
Sit down, everybody -- for heaven's sake!

The order is immediately obeyed, everybody going into business of feverish activity.

BERNSTEIN
So then, tonight, we go over everything thoroughly, eh? Expecially the new papers...

KANE
We certainly do. Vacation's over -- starting right after dinner. But right now -- -- that lady over there -- (he indicates a woman at a desk) -- that's the new society editor, I take it? You think I could interrupt her a moment, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
Huh? Oh, I forgot -- you've been away so long I forgot about your joking --

(CONTINUED)

He trails after Kane as he approaches the Society Editor's desk. The Society Editor, a middle-aged spinster, sees him approaching and starts to quake all over, but tries to pretend she isn't aware of him. An envelope in her hand shakes violently. Kane and Bernstein stop at her desk.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
Miss Townsend --

Miss Townsend looks up and is so surprised to see Bernstein with a stranger.

MISS TOWNSEND
Good afternoon, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
This is Mr. Kane, Miss Townsend.

Miss Townsend can't stick to her plan. She starts to rise, but her legs are none too good under her. She knocks over a tray of copy paper as she rises, and bends to pick it up.

KANE
(very hesitatingly and softly)
Miss Townsend --

At the sound of his voice, she straightens up. She is very close to death from excitement.

KANE (cont'd)
I've been away several months, and I don't know exactly how these things are handled now. But one thing I want to be sure of is that you won't treat this little announcement any differently than you would any other similar announcement.

He hands her an envelope. She has difficulty in holding on to it.

KANE (cont'd)
(gently)
Read it, Miss Townsend. And remember -- just the regular treatment!

(CONTINUED)

68 (CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
See you at nine o'clock, Mr. Bernstein!

Kane leaves. Bernstein looks after him, then at the paper. Miss Townsend finally manages to open the envelope. A piece of flimsy paper, with a few written lines, is her reward.

MISS TOWNSEND
(reading)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monroe Norton announce the engagement of their daughter, Emily Monroe Norton, to Mr. Charles Foster Kane.

BERNSTEIN
(starts to read it)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monroe Norton announce --

MISS TOWNSEND
(fluttering -- on top of him)
She's -- she's the niece of -- of the President of the United States --

BERNSTEIN
(nodding proudly)
I know. Come on, Miss Townsend -- From the window, maybe we can get a look.

He takes her by the hand and leads her off.

69 ANGLE towa rd open window. Bernstein and Miss Townsend, backs to camera, rushing to the window.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "ENQUIRER" BLDG. - DAY - 1900

70 HIGH ANGLE DOWNWARD - (What Bernstein and Miss Townsend see from the window).

Kane is just stepping into an elegant barouch, drawn up at the curb, in which sits Miss Emily Norton. She looks at him smilingly. He kisses her full on the lips before he sits down. She acts a bit taken aback, because of the public nature of the scene, but she isn't really annoyed. As the barouche starts off, she is looking at him adoringly. He, however, has turned his head and is looking adoringly at the "Enquirer." He apparently sees Bernstein and Miss Townsend and waves his hand.

INT. CITY ROOM - "ENQUIRER" - DAY - 1900

71 Bernstein and Miss Townsend at window.

BERNSTEIN
A girl like that, believe me, she's lucky! President's niece, huh! Say, before he's through, she'll be a President's wife.

Miss Townsend is now dewey-eyed. She looks at Bernstein who has turned away, gazing down at the departing couple.

DISSOLVE

INSERT FRONT PAGE "ENQUIRER"
Large picture of the young couple -- Kane and Emily -- occupying four columns -- very happy.

DISSOLVE

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - ENQUIRER - DAY - 1940

72 Bernstein and Thompson. As the dissolve comes, Bernstein's voice is heard.

BERNSTEIN
The way things turned out, I don't need to tell you -- Miss Emily Norton was no rosebud!

THOMPSON
It didn't end very well, did it?

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
(shaking his head)
It ended. --
(a slight pause)
Then there was Susie. --
That ended too.
(shrugs, a pause;
then looking up
into Thompson's
eyes)
I guess he didn't make her very happy. --
(a pause)
--You know, I was thinking --
that Rosebud you're trying to find out about --

THOMPSON
Yes --

BERNSTEIN
Maybe that was something he lost. Mr. Kane was a man that lost -- almost everything he had --
(a pause)
You ought to talk to Bradford Leland. He could tell you a lot. -- I wish I could tell you where Leland is, but I don't know myself. He may be out of town somewhere -- he may be dead.

THOMPSON
In case you'd like to know, Mr. Bernstein, he's at the Huntington Memorial Hospital on 180th Street.

BERNSTEIN
You don't say! Why I had no idea --

THOMPSON
Nothing particular the matter with him, they tell me. Just --
(controls himself)

BERNSTEIN
Just old age.
(smiles sadly)
It's the only disease, Mr. Thompson, you don't look forward to being cured of.
(pauses)
You ought to see Mr. Leland. There's a whole lot of things he could tell you -- if he wanted to.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

CLOSE SHOT - Thompson. He is tilted back in a chair which seems to me, and is, leaning against a chimney. Leland's voice is heard for a few moments before Leland is seen.

LELAND'S VOICE
When you get to my age, young man, you don't miss anything. Unless maybe it's a good drink of Bourbon. Even that doesn't make much difference, if you remember there hasn't been any good Bourbon in this country for twenty years.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK, during above speech, revealing that Leland, wrapped in a blanket, is in a wheel chair, talking to Thompson. They are on the flat roof of a hospital. Other people in wheel chairs can be seen in the b.g. along with a nurse or two. They are all sunning themselves.

THOMPSON
Mr. Leland, you were --

LELAND
You don't happen to have a cigar, do you? I've got a young physician -- must remember to ask to see his license -- the odds are a hundred to one he hasn't got one -- who thinks I'm going to stop smoking....I changed the subject, didn't I? Dear, dear! What a disagreeable old man I've become. You want to know what I think of Charlie Kane? -- Well, -- I suppose he has some private sort of greatness. But he kept it to himself.
(grinning)
He never -- gave himself away -- He never gave anything away. He just -- left you a tip. He had a generous mind. I don't suppose anybody ever had so many opinions. That was because he had the power to express them, and Charlie lived on power and the excitement of using it. -- But he didn't believe in anything except Charlie Kane. He never had a conviction in his life. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

LELAND (cont'd)
I guess he died without one. -- That must have been pretty unpleasant. Of course, a lot of us check out with no special conviction about death. But we do know what we're leaving... we believe in something.
(looks sharply at Thompson)
You're absolutely sure you haven't got a cigar?

THOMPSON
Sorry, Mr. Leland.

LELAND
Never mind. -- Bernstein told you about the first days at the office, didn't he? -- Well, Charlie was a bad newspaper man even then. He entertained his readers but he never told them the truth.

THOMPSON
Maybe you could remember something that --

LELAND
I can remember everything. That's my curse, young man. It's the greatest curse that's ever been inflicted on the human race. Memory -- I was his oldest friend.
(slowly)
--As far as I was concerned, he behaved like a swine. Maybe I wasn't his friend. If I wasn't, he never had one. Maybe I was what nowadays you call a stooge --

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. CITY ROOM - THE "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1895

74 THE PARTY (previously shown in the Bernstein sequence).

We start this sequence towards the end of the former one, but from a fresh angle, holding on Leland, who is at the end of the table. Kane is heard off, making a speech.

KANE'S VOICE
None of you has been hired because of his loyalty! It's your talent I'm interested in. The talent that's going to make the "Enquirer" the kind of paper I want -- the best newspaper in the world!

Applause. During above, Bernstein has come to Leland's side.

BERNSTEIN
Isn't it wonderful? Such a party!

LELAND
Yes.

His tone causes Bernstein to look at him.

KANE'S VOICE
However, I think you'll agree we've heard enough about newspapers and the newspaper business for one night.

(The above speeches are heard under the following dialogue.)

BERNSTEIN
(to Leland)
What's the matter?

LELAND
-- Mr. Bernstein, these men who are now with the "Enquirer" -- who were with the "Chronicle" until yesterday -- weren't they just as devoted to the "Chronicle" kind of paper as they are now to -- our kind of paper?

BERNSTEIN
Sure. They're like anybody else. They got work to do. They do it.
(proudly)
Only they happen to be the best men in the business.

KANE
(finishing his speech)
There are other subjects in the world --

Kane whistles. The band and the chorus girls enter and hell breaks loose all around Leland and Bernstein.

LELAND
(after a minute)
Do we stand for the same things that the "Chronicle" stands for, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
(indignantly)
Certainly not. So what's that got to do with it? Mr. Kane he'll have them changed to his kind of newspapermen in a week.

LELAND
Probably. There's always a chance, of course, that they'll change Mr. Kane -- without his knowing it.

Kane has come up to Leland and Bernstein. He sits down next to them, lighting a cigarette.

KANE
Well, gentlemen, are we going to war?

LELAND
Our readers are, anyway. I don't know about the rest of the country.

va (CONTINUED)

KANE
(enthusiastically)
It'll be our first foreign war in fifty years, Brad. We'll cover it the way the "Hickville Gazette" covers the church social! The names of everybody there; what they wore; what they ate; who won the prizes; who gave the prizes --
(gets excited)
I tell you, Brad, I envy you.
(quoting)
By Bradford Leland, the "Enquirer's" Special Coressponden at the Front. I'm almost tempted --

LELAND
But there is no Front, Charlie. There's a very doubtful civil war. Besides, I don't want the job.

KANE
All right, Brad, all right -- you don't have to be a war correspondent unless you want to -- I'd want to.
(looking up)
Hello, Georgie.

Georgie, a very handsome madam has walked into the picture, stands behind him. She leans over and speaks quietly in his ear.

GEORGIE
Is everything the way you want it, dear?

KANE
(looking around)
If everybody's having fun, that's the way I want it.

GEORGIE
I've got some other little girls coming over --

LELAND
(interrupting)
Charles, I tell you there is no war! There's a condition that should be remedied -- but between that and a --

74 (CONTINUED)

KANE
(seriously)
How would the "Enquirer" look with no news about this non-existent war -- with Benton, Pulitzer and Hearst devoting twenty columns a day to it?

LELAND
They do it only because you do!

KANE
(grins)
And I do it because they do it, and they do it -- it's a vicious circle, isn't it?
(rises)
I'm going over to Georgie's, Brad -- you know Georgie, don't you?

Leland nods.

GEORGIE
(over Kane's next lines)
Glad to meet you, Brad.

Leland shudders.

KANE
I told you about Brad, Georgie. He needs to relax.

Brad doesn't answer.

KANE (cont'd)
Some ships with wonderful wines have managed to slip through the enemy fleet that's blockading New York harbor --
(grins)
Georgie knows a young lady whom I'm sure you'd adore -- wouldn't he, Georgie? Why only the other evening I said to myself, if Brad were only here to adore this young lady -- this --
(snaps his fingers)
What's her name again?

vn

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GEORGIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - 1895

75 Georgie is introducing a young lady to Bradford Leland. On sound track we hear piano music.

GEORGIE
(right on the cue from preceding scene)
Ethel -- this gentleman has been very anxious to meet you -- This is Ethel.

ETHEL
Hello, Mr. Leland.

CAMERA PANS to include Kane, seated at piano, with girls gathered around him.

ONE OF THE GIRLS
Charlie! Play the song about you.

ANOTHER GIRL
Is there a song about Charlie?

Kane has broken into "Oh, Mr. Kane!" and Charlie and the girls start to sing. Ethel leads the unhappy Leland over to the group. Kane, seeing Leland and taking his eye, motions to the professor who has been standing next to him to take over. The professor does so. The singing continues. Kane rises and crosses to Leland.

KANE
Say, Brad.
(draws him slightly aside)
I've got an idea.

LELAND
Yes?

KANE
I mean I've got a job for you.

LELAND
Good.

va (CONTINUED)

KANE
You don't want to be a war correspondent -- how about being dramatic critic?

LELAND
(sincerely, but not gushingly; seriously)
I'd like that.

Kane starts quietly to dance in time to the music. Leland smiles at him.

KANE
You start tomorrow night. Richard Carl in "The Spring Chicken."
(or supply show)
I'll get us some girls. You get tickets. A drama critic gets them free, you know.
(grins)
Rector's at seven?

LELAND
Charlie --

KANE
Yes?

LELAND
(still smiling)
It doesn't make any difference about me, but one of these days you're going to find out that all this charm of yours won't be enough --

KANE
(has stopped dancing)
You're wrong. It does make a difference about you. -- Rector's, Brad?
(starts to dance again)
--Come to think of it, I don't blame you for not wanting to be a war correspondent. You won't miss anything. It isn't much of a war. Besides, they tell me there isn't a decent restaurant on the whole island.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN
INT. RECTOR'S - NIGHT - 1898

76 Leland, Kane, two young ladies at Rector's. Popular music is heard over the sound track. Everybody is laughing very, very hard at something Kane has said. The girls are hysterical. Kane can hardly breathe. As Leland's laughter becomes more and more hearty, it only increases the laughter of the others.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CUNARD LOCKS - GANGPLANK AND DECK OF BOAT - NIGHT - 1900

77 (As told by Bernstein). Kane is calling down to Leland and Bernstein (as before).

KANE
You don't expect me to keep any of those promises, do you?

A band on deck strikes up "Auld Lang Syne" and further ship-to-shore conversation is rendered unfeasible.

78 Bernstein and Leland on dock.

BERNSTEIN
(turns to Leland)
Do you, Mr. Leland?

LELAND
(smiling)
Certainly not.

Slight pause. They continue on their way.

BERNSTEIN
Mr. Leland, why didn't you go to Europe with him? He wanted you to. He said to me just yesterday --

LELAND
I wanted him to have fun -- and with me along --

This stops Bernstein. Bernstein looks at him.

va (CONTINUED)

LELAND (cont'd)
Mr. Bernstein, I wish you'd let me ask you a few questions, and answer me truthfully.

BERNSTEIN
Don't I always? Most of the time?

LELAND
Mr. Bernstein, am I a stuffed shirt? Am I a horse-faced hypocrite? Am I a New England school-marm?

BERNSTEIN
Yes.

Leland is surprised.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
If you thought I'd answer you different from what Mr. Kane tells you -- well, I wouldn't.

LELAND
(good-naturedly)
You're in a conspiracy against me, you two. You always have been.

BERNSTEIN
Against me there should be such a conspiracy some time!

He pauses. "Auld Lang Syne" can still be heard from the deck of the departing steamer.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
(with a hopeful look in his eyes)
Well, he'll be coming back in September. The Majestic. I got the reservations. It gets in on the ninth.

LELAND
September the ninth?

(CONTINUED)

Leland puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out a pencil and small engagement book, opens the book and starts to write.

INSERT LELAND'S PENCIL writing on a page in the engagement book open to September 9:

"Rector's -- 8:30 P.M."

DISSOLVE

INSERT FRONT PAGE "ENQUIRER"
Large picture of the young couple -- Kane and Emily -- occupying four columns -- very happy.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

79 Leland and Thompson. Leland is speaking as we dissolve.

LELAND
I used to go to dancing school with her.

Thompson has handed Leland a paper.

LELAND (cont'd)
What's this?

THOMPSON
It's a letter from her lawyers.

LELAND
(reading aloud from the letter)
David, Grobleski & Davis -- My dear Rawlston --
(looks up)

THOMPSON
Rawlston is my boss.

LELAND
Oh, yes. I know about Mr. Rawlston.

THOMPSON
He knows the first Mrs. Kane socially. -- That's the answer we got.

va

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
(reading)
I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday. I beg you to do me the courtesy of accepting my assurance that Mrs. Whitehall cannot be induced to contribute any more information on the career of Charles Foster Kane. She has authorized me to state on previous occasions that she regards their brief marriage as a distasteful episode in her life that she prefers to forget. With assurances of the highest esteem --

Leland hands the paper back to Thompson.

LELAND (cont'd)
Brief marriage! Ten years!
(sighs)

THOMPSON
Was he in love?

LELAND
He married for love --
(a little laugh)
That's why he did everything. That's why he went into politics. It seems we weren't enough. He wanted all the voters to love him, too. All he really wanted out of life was love. -- That's Charlie's story -- it's the story of how he lost it. You see, he just didn't have any to give. He loved Charlie Kane, of course, very dearly, -- and his mother, I guess he always loved her. As for Emily -- well, all I can tell you is Emily's story as she told it to me, which probably isn't very fair -- there's supposed to be two sides to every story -- and I guess there are -- I guess there're more than two sides --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT NEWSPAPER - KANE'S MARRIAGE TO EMILY with still of group on White House lawn, same setup as early newsreel in News Digest.

DISSOLVE

INSERT Screaming headline:

OIL SCANDAL!

DISSOLVE

INSERT Headline reading:

KANE TO SEE PRESIDENT

DISSOLVE

INSERT Big headline on Enquirer Front Page which reads:

KANE TO SEE PRESIDENT

Under this one of those big box signed editorials, typical of Kane, illustrated, on subject of the power of the president, expressed in about nine different cases of type, and illustrated by a cartoon of the White House, on which CAMERA TIGHTENS, as we --

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - THE PRESIDENT'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE DAY - 1900

80-82 This scene is shot so as never to show the President - or at least never his face. There is present the President's secretary, sitting on one side of the desk, intently taking notes. Kane is on his feet, in front of the desk, tense and glaring.

THE PRESIDENT
It is the unanimous opinion of my Cabinet -- in which I concur -- that the proposed leases are in the best interests of the Government and the people.
(pauses)
You are not, I hope, suggesting that these interests are not identical?

KANE
I'm not suggesting anything, Mr. President! I've come here to tell you that, unless some action is taken promptly -- and you are the only one who can take it -- the oil that is the property of the people of this country will be turned over for a song to a gang of high-pressure crooks!

THE PRESIDENT
(calmly)
I must refuse to allow you to continue in this vein, Mr. Kane.

KANE
(screaming)
It's the only vein I know. I tell the facts the way I see them. And any man that knows the facts --

THE PRESIDENT
I know the facts, Mr. Kane. And I happen to have the incredible insolence to differ with you as to what they mean.
(pause)
You're a man of great talents, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

THE PRESIDENT
I understand that you have political ambitions. Unfortunately, you seem incapable of allowing any other opinion but your own...

KANE
(building to a frenzy)
I'm much obliged, Mr. President, for your concern about me. However, I happen to be concerned at this moment with the matter of extensive oil lands belonging to the people of the United States, and I say that if this lease goes through, the property of the people of the United States goes into the hands of...

THE PRESIDENT
(interrupting)
You've made your point perfectly clear, Mr. Kane. Good day.

The secretary rises. Kane, with every bit of will power remotely at his disposal to control what might become an hysterical outburst, manages to bow.

KANE
Mr. President.

He starts out of the office.

DISSOLVE

INT. COMPOSING ROOM - "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1902

83 Kane, Reilly, Leland and a composing room foreman, in working clothes, bending over a table with several forms of type. They are looking, at this moment, at a made-up headline - but Kane's back is in the way...so we can't read it.

FOREMAN
How about it, Mr. Kane?

Reilly glances at his wrist watch and makes a face. Kane smiles as he notices this.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
All right. Let her slide!

He turns away, and we can now read the headline.

INSERT OF THE HEADLINE, which reads:

"OIL THEFT BECOMES LAW AS
PRESIDENT WITHHOLDS VETO"

DISSOLVE

84-89 Here follows a quick MONTAGE (presently to be worked out) of no more than four or five images in which the President, by means of cartoons, editorials, headlines (all faithfully reproduced from period yellow journalism) is violently attacked. The MONTAGE ends on the word TREASON. The music cuts.

INSERT A hand reaches in a side pocket which contains a newspaper -- recognizably the Enquirer. The hand removes a gun. The gun is shot. Many arms seize the hand which is pulled up -- gun still firing. As the arm is raised in the air we see that the other arms holding the arm and struggling with it are uniformed, and we see the White House beyond.

DISSOLVE

INSERT News ticker which is spelling out the words:

"ASSASSINATED 7:45 P.M."

(NOTE: Under the following -- a DOWN SHOT, below the Enquirer, shows a crowd forming, looking angrily up toward the camera. Crowd noises on the sound track under music.)

A hand snatches the ticker tape away and as the image of the crowd DISSOLVES OUT, we PULL BACK TO SHOW:

INT. OF KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 1902

90 The ticker tape is in Reilly's hand. Reilly has a phone to his ear.

REILLY
-- Looks bad for us, Mr. Kane.
How shall we handle it?

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GEORGIE'S PLACE - 1902

91 Kane in shirtsleeves at phone.

KANE
It's a news story! Get it on the street!

DISSOLVE

INSERT HEADLINE under Enquirer masthead which reads:

"PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED"

A newsboy is crying the headline at the same time. We PULL BACK TO SHOW HIM and --

DISSOLVE

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

92 THE CAMERA is IN TIGHT on a box which contains Emily and distinguished elderly ladies and gentlemen, obviously family and friends. On the SOUND-TRACK very limpid opera music. Another elderly gent, in white tie but still wearing an overcoat, comes into the box and whispers to Emily. He has a copy of the Enquirer in his hand. Emily rises. He shows the paper to her.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ENQUIRER BUILDING - NIGHT - 1902

93 An angry crowd seen from the window of Kane's office. They make a deep threatening sound which is audible during the following scene. Across the heads of the crowd are two great squares of light from the windows above them. One of these disappears as the blind is pulled. As the dissolve completes itself, the second square of light commences to reduce in size, and then the entire street is cut off by a blind which Leland pulls down, covering the entire frame.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - ENQUIRER - NIGHT - 1902

94 The staff standing around, worried to death, -- in their shirtsleeves.

KANE
(to Reilly)
Take dictation -- Front page editorial -- "This afternoon a great man was assassinated. He was the President of the United States --"

LELAND
Charlie --

KANE
Yes?

LELAND
Do you think you're the one who should call him a great man?

KANE
Why not?

LELAND
Why not? Well -- nobody's a great man in your estimation until he's dead.

REILLY
(quickly)
Maybe we'd better wait for more word on the President's condition.

KANE
(still looking at Leland)
What do you mean by that?

LELAND
(quietly)
Competition.

REILLY
He may recover --

(CONTINUED)

mk

KANE
(still holding on Leland).
What do you mean by that?

LELAND
(steadily)
Yesterday morning you called the President a traitor. What do you think that crowd is doing down there? They think you murdered him.

KANE
Because the little crackpot who did kill him had a copy of the "Enquirer" in his pocket?

LELAND
- and that copy of the "Enquirer" said the President should be killed.

KANE
I said treason was a capital offense punishable by death --

LELAND
You've said a lot of things about the President in the last few months.

KANE
They're true! Everything I said! Withholding that veto was treason!

LELAND
(interrupting)
Charlie!

KANE
(riding over him)
Oil belonging to the people of the United States was leased out for a song to a gang of high-pressure crooks -- Nobody can blame me because --

LELAND
Look out that window.

mk Kane stops - looks at him. (CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

LELAND (cont'd)
There are the people of the United States, and they are blaming you -- Oh, I know it doesn't make any sense, but at least you can learn a lesson from it.

KANE
(snarling)
What lesson? Not to expose fraud when I see it? Not to fight for the right of the people to own their own property?
(he turns to Reilly)
Run it the way I said, Reilly - "This afternoon a great man was assassinated - "

LELAND
Charlie! Now you're not making sense.

KANE
(sharply)
I don't have to. I run a newspaper with half a million readers and they're getting a martyred president this morning with their breakfast. I can't help that. Besides they all know I'm married to his niece. I've got to think of her.

LELAND
What?

KANE
I've got to think of Emily --

LELAND
(after a silence)
I'd like to talk to you about that.

KANE
Go ahead.

Leland looks back at Kane, is conscious of the boys standing around.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
-- Finish your editorial.

Leland walks out into the City Room. More staff members in shirt sleeves in a state of panic. Leland goes to his desk, takes out a bottle, pours himself a very stiff drink. A door opens. A policeman enters with Bernstein. Bernstein is badly battered. The boys crowd around.

LELAND
(worried)
What's happened?

BERNSTEIN
(smiling)
I'm all right, Mr. Leland. Only there was some fellows out front that thought they ought to take things up with me. I learned 'em! Didn't I, officer?

THE COP
(grinning)
You sure did -- Say, the Commissioner said I was to stand by and protect Mr. Kane until further orders, no matter how he felt about it. Where is he?

LELAND
(finishing his drink)
In there.

BERNSTEIN
If you hadn't come along and protected me when you did, I'd have killed them fellows.

LELAND
(pouring himself another drink)
Go and get yourself washed up, Mr. Bernstein.
(he looks his face over thoroughly)
There doesn't seem to be any serious injury.

BERNSTEIN
Not to me. But you will let that cop go home with Mr. Kane, won't you?

94 (CONTINUED)

LELAND
Yes, Mr. Bernstein.

Bernstein leaves the picture with sympathetic attendance. Leland finishes his second drink.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 1902

95 The bottle is finished. The door in the Sanctum opens. Reilly and the others leave.

REILLY
(as they go)
Goodnight, Mr. Kane.

Kane stands in the door, waiting for Leland. Leland gets up and moves toward the office - goes in, sits down across from Kane at the desk. An uncomfortable pause. Then Kane smiles ingratiatingly. Leland tries to cope with this.

LELAND
First of all --
(he can't go on)

KANE
(not cruelly - genuinely kind)
What's wrong, Brad?

LELAND
I'm drunk.

KANE
I'll get you some coffee.
(he rises and goes to the door)

LELAND
First of all, I will not write a good review of a play because somebody paid a thousand dollars for an advertisement in the "Enquirer".

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

KANE
(gently - opening the door)
That's just a little promotion scheme. Nobody expects you --
(calling)
Mike, will you try and get Mr. Leland some coffee?

MIKE'S VOICE
Sure thing, Mr. Kane.

Kane turns back to Leland. Leland doesn't look up at him.

LELAND
Charlie, it's just no go. We can't agree any more. I wish you'd let me go to Chicago.

KANE
Why, Brad?

LELAND
I want to be transferred to the new paper. You've been saying yourself you wish you had somebody to --
(he is heartsick, inarticulate)
That's not what I wanted to talk about.

Kane goes around behind the desk and sits down.

KANE
I'll tell you what I'll do, Brad -- I'll get drunk too, -- maybe that'll help.

LELAND
No, that won't help. Besides you never get drunk. I wanted to talk about you and Emily.

Kane looks at Leland sharply before he speaks.

KANE
(quietly)
All right.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
(without looking at him)
She's going to leave you --

KANE
(easily)
I don't think so, Brad. We've just had word that the President is out of danger.
(ruefully)
It seems I didn't kill him after all.

LELAND
(takes his eye)
She was going to leave you anyway --

Kane takes this in.

LELAND (cont'd)
Emily's going South next week with the child. As far as anybody's to know, it's a holiday. When they get back --

KANE
(sharply)
Brad, you are drunk.

LELAND
Sure I am. She wants full custody of the child no matter what happens. If you won't agree to that, she'll apply for a divorce regardless of the President's wishes. I can't tell her she's wrong, because she isn't wrong --

KANE
Why is she leaving me?

LELAND
(it's very hard for him to say all this)
She hasn't any friends left since you started this oil business, and she never sees you.

95 (CONTINUED)

KANE
Do you think the Enquirer shouldn't have campaigned against the oil leases?

LELAND
(hesitating)
You might have made the whole thing less personal!

No answer from Kane.

LELAND (cont'd)
It isn't just that the President was her uncle -- everyone she knows, all the people she's been brought up with, everything she's ever been taught to believe is important --

Still no answer from Kane.

LELAND (cont'd)
There's no reason why this -- this savage personal note --

KANE
The personal note is all there is to it. It's all there ever is to it. It's all there ever is to anything! Stupidity in our government, complacency and self-satisfaction and unwillingness to believe that anything done by a certain class of people can be wrong -- you can't fight those things impersonally. They're not impersonal crimes against the people. They're being done by actual persons -- with actual names and positions and -- the right of the American people to own their own country is not an academic issue, Brad, that you debate -- and then the judges retire to return a verdict -- and the winners give a dinner for the losers.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

LELAND
You almost convince me.
Almost.
(rising)
I'm just drunk enough to
tell you the truth. I have
to be a little drunk for that
because I'm a coward. You
know that. That's why you
keep me around.
(smiles)
You only associate with your
inferiors, Charlie. I guess
that's why you ran away from
Emily. Because you can't
stand the company of your
equals. You don't like to
admit they exist -- the
other big people in your
world are dead. I told you
that.

Kane looks at Leland, but Leland can't be stopped now. He speaks very quietly -- no poison in his voice -- no personal indignation -- as though he were explaining the nature of a disease.

LELAND (cont'd)
You talk about the people of the
United States as though they
belonged to you. When you
find out they don't think they
are, you'll lose interest.
You talk about giving them
their rights as though you
could make a present of
liberty. Remember the working
man? You used to defend him
quite a good deal. Well, --
he's turning into something
called organized labor and you
don't like that at all. And
listen, when your precious
underprivileged really get
together -- that's going to
add up to something bigger
than - than your privilege
and then I don't know what
you'll do -- sail away to a
desert island, probably, and
lord it over the monkeys.

KANE
Are you finished?

(CONTINUED)

sf

95 (CONTINUED)

LELAND
Yes.
(looking down)
Now, will you let me go to Chicago?

KANE
(with a little smile)
You're not going to like it in Chicago. The wind comes howling in from the lake. And there's practically no opera season at all -- and the Lord only knows whether they've ever heard of Lobster Newburg...

LELAND
That's all right.
(he won't be charmed out of his duty)
What are you going to do about Emily?

KANE
(his face hardening a little)
Nothing -- if she doesn't love me --

Leland has risen. He speaks as he turns away, starting towards the door.

LELAND
You want love on your own terms, don't you Charlie --
(he stops - his back turned to Kane)
Love is something to be played your way, -- according to your own rules. And if anything goes wrong and you're hurt -- then the game stops, and you've got to be soothed and nursed, no matter what else is happening -- and no matter who else is hurt!

(CONTINUED)

sf

96 (CONTINUED)

KANE
It's a little simpler than that, Brad. A society girl can't stand the gaff that's all. Other things are important to her -- social position, what they're saying on the front porches at Southampton, is it going to be embarrassing to meet somebody or other at dinner --

Leland has turned, taking his eye again. Now Kane stops and smiles.

KANE
She can leave me. As a matter of fact, I've already left her. Don't worry, Brad -- I'll live.

LELAND
I know you will.

KANE
(with all his charm)
Hey, Brad! I've been analyzed an awful lot tonight -- let's have another brandy.

Leland shakes his head. Kane lifts his glass.

KANE (CONT'D)
To love on my terms. Those are the only terms anybody knows....his own.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ENQUIRER BUILDING - NIGHT - 1902

96 Kane, Leland and a couple of policemen make their way out of the front toward a hansom cab.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD
You moiderer!

A rock is thrown. It hits Leland on the face. A little blood flows. Kane doesn't see it at first. Then when he's in the hansom cab, he turns and notices it.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
Are you hurt?

Leland has a handkerchief to his face.

LELAND
No. -- I wish you'd go home to Emily. She'll be pretty upset by all this-- She still loves you ---

The crowd, pushed by the cops, retreats in the background, but still hard by.

KANE
- You still want to be transferred to the other paper?

LELAND
Yes.

KANE
(leaning out of the hansom cab)
Well, you've been getting a pretty low salary here in New York. It seems to me that the new dramatic critic of our Chicago paper should get what he's worth.
(almost as a question)

LELAND
(with handkerchief still to his face)
I couldn't possibly live on as little as that, Charlie. We'll let the salary stay where it is.

The hansom cab starts up. We hold on Leland's face as we

DISSOLVE OUT

97 OMITTED

DISSOLVE IN

INT. KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - KANE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - 1902

98 Emily is in bed, a damp cloth over her temples. Kane is standing at the foot of the bed. The baby's bed is in a corner of the room. The baby's nurse is standing near the crib, a nurse for Emily is near her. Kane is looking fixedly at Emily, who is staring tiredly at the ceiling.

KANE
(to the nurse)
Excuse us a moment, please.

The nurse looks at Emily.

KANE (cont'd)
(peremptorily)
I said, excuse us a moment.

The nurse, unwilling, leaves.

KANE (cont'd)
I've been talking to Leland. -- Emily, -- You can't leave me now -- not now --

Silence.

KANE (cont'd)
It isn't what it would do to my changes in politics, Emily, -- That isn't it -- They were talking of running me for governor, but now, of course, we'll have to wait -- It isn't that, Emily -- It's just -- the president is your uncle and they're saying I killed him.

(CONTINUED)

98 (CONTINUED)

Still silence.

KANE (cont'd)
That story about the murderer having a copy of the Enquirer in his pocket -- the Chronicle made that up out of whole cloth -- Emily, please -- He's going to be all right, you know, he's going to recover --
(bitterly)
If it will make you any happier, we had nine pages of advertising cancelled in the first mail this morning. Bernstein is afraid to open any more letters. He --

He stops. He sees that he's getting no place with Emily.

KANE (cont'd)
(exasperated)
What do you expect me to do? What in the world --

EMILY
(weakly)
Charles.

He waits for her to continue.

EMILY (cont'd)
Do you really think --
(she can't continue)
Those threatening letters, can they really --

She sits up and looks at the crib. She continues to look at the crib, with almost unseeing eyes.

KANE
(uncomfortably)
They won't do anything to Junior, darling.
(contemptuously)
Anonymous letter writers -- I've got guards in front of the house, and I'm going to arrange --

(CONTINUED)

sf

EMILY
(turning her face toward him)
Please don't talk any more, Charles.

Kane is about to say something, but bites his lips instead. Emily keeps staring at him.

EMILY (cont'd)
Have they heard from father yet? Has he seen --

KANE
I've tried to tell you, Emily. The President's going to be all right. He had a comfortable night. There's no danger of any kind.

Emily nods several times. There is an uncomfortable silence. Suddenly there is a cry from the crib. Emily leaps from the bed and rushes to him. She bends over the crib.

EMILY
(murmuring)
Here I am, darling... Darling! ...Darling, it's all right... Mother's here.

KANE
Emily -- you mustn't leave me now -- you can't do that to me.

EMILY
They won't hurt you, darling. Mother's with you! Mother's looking after you!

Kane, unwanted, ignored, looks on. Tightening his lips, he walks out.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

99 By the desk light, Kane is seen working with his usual intensity, Reilly standing beside him at the desk.

KANE
-- We'll withdraw support completely. Anything else?

REILLY
Mr. Leland sent back that check.

KANE
What check?

REILLY
You made it out to him last week after he left for Chicago.

KANE
Oh, yes, the bonus.

REILLY
It was for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Kane is perplexed and worried but we can see in a moment his mind will be on something else.

REILLY (cont'd)
He sent it back torn up -- all torn up into little bits, and he enclosed something else -- I can't make it out.

Kane doesn't answer. Reilly goes on. He has brought out a piece of paper and is reading it.

REILLY (cont'd)
It says here, "A Declaration of Principles" --
(he still reads)
-- "I will provide the people of this city with a daily paper that will tell all the news honestly"--

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

Kane has looked up sharply. Reilly, sensing his look, stops reading and meets his eye. Slowly Kane reaches out his hand. Reilly hands him the piece of paper. Without reading it, Kane tears it up, throws it into the wastebasket at his side.

DISSOLVE

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1910

100 The evening of the final great rally. These shots remind us of and are identical with and supplementary to the "News Digest" scenes earlier. The vast auditorium with a huge picture of Kane, cheering crowds, etc. Emily and Junior are to be seen in the front of a box. Emily is tired and wears a forced smile on her face. Junior, now aged nine and a half, is eager, bright-eyed and excited. Kane is just finishing his speech.

KANE
It is no secret that I entered upon this campaign with no thought that I could be elected Governor of this State! It is now no secret that every straw vote, every independent poll, shows that I will be elected. And I repeat to you -- my first official act as Governor will be to appoint a special District Attorney to arrange for the indictment, prosecution and conviction of Boss Edward G. Rogers!

Terrific screaming and cheering from the audience.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT - 1910

101 THE SPEAKERS' PLATFORM. Numerous officials and civic leaders are crowding around Kane. Cameramen take flash photographs with old-fashioned flash powder.

FIRST CIVIC LEADER
Great speech, Mr. Kane.

SECOND LEADER
(pompous)
One of the most notable public utterances ever made by a candidate in this State --

KANE
Thank you, gentlemen. Thank you.

He looks up and notices that the box in which Emily and the boy were sitting is now empty. He starts toward the rear of the platform, through the press of people. Reilly approaches him.

REILLY
A wonderful speech, Mr. Kane.

Kane pats him on the shoulder as he walks along.

REILLY (cont'd)
I just got word from Buffalo, Mr. Kane. They're going to throw you and the organization vote -- and take a chance maybe you'll give them a break....

This is said almost inquiringly, as if he were hoping that Kane would give him some assurance that McDonald is not making a mistake. There is no answer from Kane.

REILLY (cont'd)
On an independent ticket there's never been anything like it! If the election were held today, you'd be elected by a hundred thousand votes -- and every day between now and November 7th is just going to add to your majority.

Kane is very pleased. He continues with Reilly slowly through the crowd -- a band playing off. Bernstein joins him.

ed

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

KANE
It does seem too good to be true, doesn't it, Mr. Bernstein?

REILLY
Rogers isn't even pretending. He isn't just scared any more. He's sick. Frank Norris told me last night he hasn't known Rogers to be that worried in twenty-five years.

KANE
I think it's beginning to dawn on Mr. Rogers that I mean what I say. With Mr. Rogers out of the way, Reilly, I think we may really begin to hope for a good government in this state.
(stopping)
Well, Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
(clearly not meaning it)
It's wonderful, Mr. Kane. Wonderful. Wonderful.

KANE
You don't really think so?

BERNSTEIN
I do. I do. I mean, since you're running for Governor -- and you want to be elected -- I think it's wonderful you're going to be elected. Only --
(interrupts himself)
Can I say something?

KANE
Please, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
Well, the way I look at it --
(comes out with it)
You want to know what I <u>really</u> think would be wonderful?

ed

(CONTINUED)

Kane indicates he is to proceed.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
Well, you're running for Governor and going to be elected -- my idea is how wonderful it would be if you don't run at all and don't get elected.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ONE OF THE EXITS - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT 1910

102 Emily and Junior are standing, waiting for Kane.

JUNIOR
Is Pop Governor yet, Mom?

Just then, Kane appears, with Reilly and several other men. Kane rushes toward Emily and Junior, as the men politely greet Emily.

KANE
Hello, Butch! Did you like your old man's speech?

JUNIOR
Hello, Pop! I was in a box. I could hear every word.

KANE
I saw you!
(he has his arm around Junior's shoulder)
Good night, gentlemen.

There are good nights. Kane's car is at the curb and he starts to walk toward it with Junior and Emily.

EMILY
I'm sending Junior home in the car, Charles -- with Oliver --

KANE
But I'd arranged to go home with you myself.

EMILY
There's a call I want you to make with me, Charles.

KANE
It can wait.

EMILY
No, it can't.
(she bends down and kisses Junior)
Good night, darling.

JUNIOR
Good night, Mom.

The driver is holding the rear door open as Emily guides Junior in.

KANE
(as car starts to drive off)
What's this all about, Emily? I've had a very tiring day and --

EMILY
It may not be about anything at all.

A cab has pulled up.

THE DRIVER
Cab?

Emily nods to him.

EMILY
I intend to find out.

KANE
I insist on being told exactly what you have in mind.

EMILY
I'm going to --
(she looks at a slip of paper in her hand)
185 West 74th Street.

Kane's reaction indicates that the address definitely means something to him.

EMILY (cont'd)
If you wish, you can come with me...

Kane nods.

KANE
I'll go with you.

He opens the door and she enters the cab. He follows her.

DISSOLVE

INT. CAB - NIGHT - 1910

103 KANE AND EMILY. He looks at her, in search of some kind of enlightenment. Her face is set and impassive.

DISSOLVE

EXT. AND INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1910

104 KANE AND EMILY, IN FRONT OF AN APARTMENT DOOR. Emily is pressing the bell.

KANE
I had no idea you had this flair for melodrama, Emily.

Emily does not answer. The door is opened by a maid, who recognizes Kane.

THE MAID
Come in, Mr. Kane, come in.

They enter, Emily first.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1910

105 There is first a tiny reception room, through which an open door shows the living room. Kane and Emily enter from hallway and cross to living room. As they enter, Susan rises from a chair. The other person in the room -- a big, heavy-set man, a little past middle age -- stays where he is, leaning back in his chair, regarding Kane intently. (CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

SUSAN
It wasn't my fault, Charlie. He made me send your wife a note. He said I'd -- oh, he's been saying the most terrible things, I didn't know what to do... I --
(she catches sight of Emily)

ROGERS
Good evening, Mr. Kane.
(he rises)
I don't suppose anybody would introduce us. Mrs. Kane, I am Edward Rogers.

EMILY
How do you do?
(pauses)
I came here -- and I made Mr. Kane come with me...
(she consults the note in her hand without reading it again)
because I received this note --

ROGERS
I made Miss -- Miss Alexander send you the note. She was a little unwilling at first --
(he smiles grimly)
but she did it.

SUSAN
I can't tell you the things he said, Charlie. You haven't got any idea --

KANE
(turning on Rogers)
Rogers, I don't think I <u>will</u> postpone doing something about you until I'm elected.
(he starts toward him)
To start with, I think I'll break your neck.

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

ROGERS
(not giving way an inch)
Maybe you can do it and maybe you can't, Mr. Kane.

EMILY
Charles!
(he stops to look at her)
Your -- your breaking this man's neck --
(she is clearly disgusted)
would scarcely explain this note --
(glancing at the note)
Serious consequences for Mr. Kane --
(slowly)
for myself, and for my son. What does this note mean, Miss --

SUSAN
(stiffly)
I'm Susan Alexander.
(pauses)
I know what you think, Mrs. Kane, but --

EMILY
(ignoring this)
What does this note mean, Miss Alexander?

ROGERS
She doesn't know, Mrs. Kane. She just sent it -- because I made her see it wouldn't be smart for her not to send it.

KANE
In case you don't know, Emily, this -- this gentleman --
(he puts a world of scorn into the word)
is --

ed

(CONTINUED)

ROGERS
I'm not a gentleman, Mrs. Kane, and your husband is just trying to be funny calling me one. I don't even know what a gentleman is.

(tensely, with all the hatred and venom in the world)
You see, my idea of a gentleman, Mrs. Kane -- well, if I owned a newspaper and if I didn't like the way somebody else was doing things -- some politician, say -- I'd fight them with everything I had. Only I wouldn't show him in a convict suit, with stripes -- so his children could see the picture in the paper. Or his mother.

(he has to control himself from hurling himself on Kane)
It's pretty clear -- I'm not a gentleman.

EMILY
Oh!!

KANE
You're a cheap, crooked grafter-- and your concern for your children and your mother --

ROGERS
Anything you say, Mr. Kane. Only we're talking now about what <u>you</u> are. That's what that note is about, Mrs. Kane. Now I'm going to lay all my cards on the table. I'm fighting for my life. Not just my political life. My life. If your husband is elected Governor --

KANE
I'm <u>going</u> to be elected Governor. And the first thing I'm going to do --

EMILY
Let him finish, Charles.

105 (CONTINUED)

ROGERS
I'm protecting myself every way I know how, Mrs. Kane. This last week, I finally found out how I can stop your husband from being elected. If the people of this State learn what I found out this week, he wouldn't have a chance to -- he couldn't be elected Dog Catcher. Well, what I'm interested in is seeing that he's not elected. I don't care whether they know what I know about him. Let him keep right on being the Great, Noble, Moral --
(he stresses the word)
Champeen of the people. Just as long as --

EMILY
I think I understand, Mr. Rogers, but I wonder if --
(she leaves her sentence unfinished)

KANE
You can't blackmail me, Rogers. You can't ---

SUSAN
(excitedly)
Charlie, he said, unless you withdrew your name --

ROGERS
That's the chance I'm willing to give you, Mr. Kane. More of a chance than you'd give me. Unless you make up your mind by tomorrow that you're so sick that you've got to go away for a year or two -- Monday morning every paper in this State will carry the story I'm going to give them.

Kane starts to stare at him intently.

EMILY
What story, Mr. Rogers?

ROGERS
The story about him and Miss Alexander, Mrs. Kane.

Emily looks at Kane.

SUSAN
There is no story. It's all lies. Mr. Kane is just --

ROGERS
(to Susan)
Shut up!
(to Kane)
I've had a dozen men doing nothing but run this thing down -- we've got evidence enough to -- well, the evidence would stand up in any court of law. You want me to give you the evidence, Mr. Kane?

KANE
You do anything you want to do. The people of this State can decide which one of us to trust. If you want to know, they've already decided. The election Tuesday'll be only --

ROGERS
Mrs. Kane, I'm not asking you to believe me. I'd like to show you --

EMILY
You don't have to show me anything, Mr. Rogers. I believe you.

ROGERS
I'd rather Mr. Kane withdrew without having to get the story published. Not that I care about him. But I'd be better off that way --
(he pauses)
-- and so would you, Mrs. Kane.

SUSAN
What about me?
(to Kane)
He said my name'd be dragged through the mud. He said everywhere I'd go from now on --

EMILY
There seems to me to be only one decision you can make, Charles. I'd say that it has been made for you.
(pauses)
I suppose the details can be arranged tomorrow, Mr. Rogers. About the statements by the doctors --

KANE
Have you gone completely mad, Emily?

Emily looks at him.

KANE (cont'd)
You don't think I'm going to let this blackmailer intimidate me, do you?

EMILY
I don't see what else you can do, Charles. If he's right -- and the papers publish this story he has --

KANE
Oh, they'll publish it all right. But that's not going to stop me --

EMILY
Charles, this -- this story -- doesn't concern only you. I'll be in it too, won't I?
(quickly)
And Junior?

KANE
(squiriming a bit)
I suppose so, but -- I'm not afraid of the story. You can't tell me that the voters of this State --

EMILY
I'm not interested in the voters of this State right now. I am interested in -- well, Junior, for one thing.

SUSAN
Charlie! If they publish this story --

EMILY
They won't. Good night, Mr. Rogers.
(she starts out)
There's nothing more to be said, Charles.

KANE
Oh yes, there is.

EMILY
I don't think so. Are you coming, Charles?

KANE
No.

She looks at him. He starts to work himself into a rage.

KANE (cont'd)
There's only one person in the world to decide what I'm going to do -- and that's me. And if you think -- if any of you think --

EMILY
You decided what you were going to do, Charles -- some time ago.
(she looks at Susan)
You can't always have it your own way, regardless of anything else that may have happened.
(she sighs)
Come on, Charles.

KANE
Go on! Get out! I can fight this thing all alone!

ROGERS
You're making a bigger fool of yourself than I thought you would, Mr. Kane. You're licked. Why don't you --

KANE
(turning on him)
Get out! I've got nothing to talk to you about. If you want to see me, have the Warden write me a letter.

ROGERS
I see!
(he starts toward the door)

SUSAN
(starting to cry)
Charlie, you're just excited. You don't realize --

KANE
I know exactly what I'm doing.
(he is screaming)
Get out!

EMILY
(quietly)
Charles, if you don't listen to reason, it may be too late--

KANE
Too late for what? Too late for you and this --
(he can't find the adjective)
this public thief to take the love of the people of this State away from me? Well, you won't do it, I tell you. You won't do it!

SUSAN
Charlie, there are other things to think of.
(a sly look comes into her eyes)
Your son -- you don't want him to read in the papers --

EMILY
It <u>is</u> too late now, Charles.

KANE
(rushes to the door and opens it)
Get out, both of you!

SUSAN
(rushes to him)
Charlie, please don't --

105 (CONTINUED)

KANE
What are you waiting here for? Why don't you go?

EMILY
Good night, Charles.

She walks out. Rogers stops as he gets directly in front of Kane.

ROGERS
You're the greatest fool I've ever known, Kane. If it was anybody else, I'd say what's going to happen to you would be a lesson to you. Only you're going to need more than one lesson. And you're going to get more than one lesson.
(he walks past Kane)

KANE
Don't you worry about me. I'm Charles Foster Kane. I'm no cheap, crooked politician, trying to save himself from the consequences of his crimes --

INT. APT. HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1910

106 CAMERA ANGLING toward Kane from other end of the hall. Rogers and Emily are already down the hall, moving toward f.g.. Kane in apartment doorway b.g.

KANE
(screams louder)
I'm going to send you to Sing Sing, Rogers. Sing Sing!

Kane is trembling with rage as he shakes his fist at Rogers' back. Susan, quieter now, has snuggled into the hollow of his shoulder as they stand in the doorway.

DISSOLVE

INSERT The Chronicle front page with photograph (as in the News Digest) revealing Kane's relations with Susan.

eb

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT FRONT PAGE of Chronicle - HEADLINE which reads:

ROGERS ELECTED

DISSOLVE

INSERT FRONT PAGE of Enquirer - HEADLINE which reads:

FRAUD AT POLLS

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1910

107 Emily is opening the door for Leland.

EMILY
Hello, Brad --

LELAND
Emily --

He pauses. Leland comes in. Emily closes the door.

EMILY
I'm sorry I sent for you, Brad -- I didn't --

LELAND
Chicago is pretty close to New York nowadays -- only twenty hours --

She doesn't have anything to say.

LELAND (cont'd)
I'm glad to see you.

She smiles at him and we know that there isn't anybody else in the world for her to smile at. She's too grateful to talk.

EMILY
Are all the returns in?

(CONTINUED)

Leland puts his hand unconsciously on his coat by the newspaper.

EMILY (cont'd)
Let me see it.

Leland takes the newspaper out of his pocket and hands it to her. She takes it. We see the headline, not an insert, but it registers. It reads: "Fraud at Polls." Emily is looking at the paper with unseeing eyes, and a little smile.

LELAND
(after a pause)
Almost two to one --

EMILY
I'm surprised he got the votes he did.

LELAND
Emily!

EMILY
Why should anyone vote for him? He's made it quite clear to the people what he thinks of them. Children -- to be told one thing one day, something else the next, as the whim seizes him. And they're supposed to be grateful and love and adore him -- because he sees to it that they get cheap ice and only pay a nickel in the street cars.

LELAND
Emily, you're being -- a little unfair -- You know what I think of Charles' behaviour -- about your personal lives --

107 (CONTINUED)

EMILY
There aren't any personal lives for people like us. He made that very clear to me nine years ago. -- If I'd thought of my life with Charles as a personal life, I'd have left him then --

LELAND
I know that, Emily --

EMILY
(on top of Leland)
Maybe I should have -- the first time he showed me what a mad dog he really was.

LELAND
(on the cue 'dog')
Emily, you --

EMILY
Brad, I'm -- I'm not an old woman yet --

LELAND
It's -- all over --

He stops himself.

EMILY
(after a pause)
I know it is, Brad --

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

LELAND
He's paying for it, Emily. These returns tonight -- he's finished. Politically --
(he thinks)
-- socially -- everywhere, I guess. I don't know about the papers, but --

EMILY
If you're asking me to sympathize with him, Brad, you're wasting your time.
(pauses)
There's only one person I'm sorry for, as a matter of fact. That -- that shabby little girl. I'm really sorry for her, Brad.

DISSOLVE

INSERT FRONT PAGE CHICAGO ENQUIRER, with photograph proclaiming that Susan Alexander opens at new Chicago Opera House in "Thais." (As in News Digest)

On sound track during above we hear the big expectant murmur of an opening night audience and the noodling of the orchestra.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - SET FOR THAIS - 1914

108 The CAMERA is just inside the curtain, angling upstage. We see the set for Thais -- the principals in place -- stage managers -- stage hands, etc., and in the center of all this, in an elaborate costume, looking very small and very lost, is Susan. She is almost hysterical with fright. Maids, singing teacher, and the rest are in attendance. Her throat is sprayed. Applause is heard at the opening of the shot, and now the orchestra starts thunderously. The curtain starts to rise -- the CAMERA with it -- the blinding glare of the foots moves up Susan's body and hits her face. She squints and starts to sing. CAMERA continues on up with the curtain, up past Susan up the full height of the proscenium arch and then on up into the gridiron into a world of ropes, brick walls and hanging canvas -- Susan's voice still heard - but faintly. The CAMERA stops at the top of the gridiron as the curtain stops. Two typical stage hands fill the frame. They are looking down on the stage below. Some of the reflected light gleams on their faces. They look at each other. One of them puts his hand to his nose.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - CHICAGO "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1914

109 Leland, as in the same scene in the Bernstein sequence, is sprawled across his typewriter, his head on the keys. The paper is gone from the roller. Leland stirs and looks up drunkenly, his eyes encountering Bernstein, who stands beside him (also as in the previous scene).

BERNSTEIN
Hello, Mr. Leland.

LELAND
Hello, Bernstein.

Leland makes a terrific effort to pull himself together. He straightens and reaches for the keys -- then sees the paper is gone from the machine.

LELAND (cont'd)
Where is it -- where's my notice -- I've got to finish it!

BERNSTEIN
(quietly)
Mr. Kane is finishing it.

LELAND
Kane? -- Charlie -- ?
(painfully he rises to his feet)
Where is he?

During all this, the sound of a typewriter has been heard off -- a busy typewriter. Leland's eyes follow the sound. Slowly he registers Kane out in the City Room beyond. This is almost the same shot as in the previous Bernstein story.

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO "ENQUIRER" - NIGHT - 1914

110 Kane, in white tie and shirt sleeves, is typing away at a machine, his fingers working briskly and efficiently, his face, seen by the desk light before him, set in a strange half smile. Leland stands in the door of his office, staring across at him.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
I suppose he's fixing it up -- I knew I'd never get that through.

BERNSTEIN
(moving to his side)
Mr. Kane is finishing your piece the way you started it.

Leland turns incredulously to Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
He's writing a roast like you wanted it to be --
(then suddenly - with a kind of quiet passion, rather than triumph)
-- I guess that'll show you.

Leland picks his way across the City Room to Kane's side. Kane goes on typing, without looking up. After a pause, Kane speaks.

KANE
Hello, Brad.

LELAND
Hello, Charlie --
(another pause)
I didn't know we were speaking.

Kane stops typing, but doesn't turn.

KANE
Sure, we're speaking, Brad -- You're fired.

He starts typing again, the expression on his face doesn't change.

DISSOLVE OUT

ff

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY - 1940

111 Thompson and Leland on the roof, which is now deserted. It is getting late. The sun has just about gone down.

LELAND
Well, that's about all there is -- and I'm getting chills. Hey, nurse!
(pause)
Five years ago he wrote from that place of his down South --
(as if trying to think)
-- you know. Shangri-la? El Dorado?
(pauses)
Sloppy Joe's? What's the name of that place? You know...All right. Xanadu. I knew what it was all the time. You caught on, didn't you?

THOMPSON
Yes.

LELAND
I guess maybe I'm not as hard to see through as I think. Anyway, I never even answered his letter. Maybe I should have. I guess he was pretty lonely down there those last years. He hadn't finished it when she left him -- he never finished it -- he never finished anything. Of course, he built it for her --

THOMPSON
That must have been love.

LELAND
I don't know. He was disappointed in the world. So he built one of his own -- An absolute monarchy -- It was something bigger than an opera house anyway --
(calls)
Nurse!
(lowers his voice)
Say, I'll tell you one thing you can do for me, young fellow.

THOMPSON
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND
On your way out, stop at a cigar store, will you, and send me up a couple of cigars?

THOMPSON
Sure, Mr. Leland. I'll be glad to.

LELAND
Hey, Nurse!

A nurse appears.

NURSE
Yes, Mr. Leland.

LELAND
I'm ready to go in now. You know when I was a young man, there was an impression around that nurses were pretty. It was no truer then than it is now.

NURSE
Here let me take your arm, Mr. Leland.

LELAND
(testily)
All right, all right.
(he has begun to move forward on the nurse's arm; turning to Thompson)
You won't forget, will you, about the cigars? And tell them to wrap them up to look like tooth paste, or something, or they'll stop them at the desk. That young doctor I was telling you about, he's got an idea he wants to keep me alive.

DISSOLVE

EXT."EL RANCHO" CABARET IN ATLANTIC CITY-EARLY DAWN-1940

112 Neon sign on the roof --

"EL RANCHO"
Floor Show
Susan Alexander Kane
Twice Nightly (Cont'd)

ff

(CONTINUED)

glows on the dark screen as in the previous sequence early in the script. Behind the lights and through them we see a nasty early morning. CAMERA as before, MOVES through the lights of the sign and down on the skylight, through which is seen Susan at her regular table, Thompson seated across from her.

Very faintly during this, idle piano music playing.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - EARLY DAWN - 1940

113 Susan and Thompson are facing each other. The place is almost deserted. Susan is sober. On the other side of the room somebody is playing a piano.

SUSAN
How do you want to handle the whole thing -- ask questions?

THOMPSON
I'd rather you just talked. Anything that comes into your mind -- about yourself and Mr. Kane.

SUSAN
You wouldn't want to hear a lot of what comes into my mind about myself and Mr. Charlie Kane.

Susan is thinking.

THOMPSON
How did you meet him?

SUSAN
I had a toothache.

Thompson looks at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)
That was thirty years ago -- and I still remember that toothache. Boy! That toothache was just driving me crazy....

ff

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. CORNER DRUG STORE AND STREET ON THE WEST SIDE OF NEW YORK - NIGHT - 1909

114 Susan, aged twenty, neatly but cheaply dressed in the style of the period, is leaving the drug store. (It's about 8 o'clock at night.) With a large, man-sized handkerchief pressed to her cheek, she is in considerable pain. The street is wet - after a recent rain.

She walks a few steps towards the middle of the block, and can stand it no longer. She stops, opens a bottle of Oil of Cloves that she has in her hand, applies some to her finger, and rubs her gums.

She walks on, the pain only a bit better. Four or five houses further along, she comes to what is clearly her own doorway -- a shabby, old four-story apartment house. She turns toward the doorway, which is up a tiny stoop, about three steps.

As she does so, Kane, coming from the opposite direction, almost bumps into her and turns to his left to avoid her. His shoulder bumps hers and she turns. As she does so, Kane, forced to change his course, steps on the loose end of a plank which covers a puddle in the bad sidewalk. The plank rises up and cracks him on the knee, also covering him with mud.

KANE
(hopping up and down on one foot, and rubbing his knee)
Ow!

Susan, taking her handkerchief from her jaw, roars with laughter.

KANE (cont'd)
It's not funny.

He bites his lip and rubs his knee again. Susan tries to control her laughter, but not very successfully. Kane glares at her.

SUSAN
I'm sorry, mister -- but you do look awful funny.

Suddenly the pain returns and she claps her hand to her jaw.

(CONTINUED)

ff

SUSAN (cont'd)
Ow!

KANE
What's the matter with you?

SUSAN
Toothache.

KANE
Hmm!

He has been rubbing his clothes with his handkerchief.

SUSAN
You've got some on your face.

KANE
If these sidewalks were kept in condition -- instead of the money going to some cheap grafter, --

Susan starts to laugh again.

KANE (cont'd)
What's funny now?

SUSAN
You are. You look like you've been making mud pies.

In the middle of her smile, the pain returns.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Oh!

KANE
You're no Venus de Milo.

SUSAN
(points to the down-stair window)
If you want to come in and wash your face -- I can get you some hot water to get that dirt off your trousers --

ff

(CONTINUED)

KANE
Thanks.

Susan starts, with Kane following her.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1909

115 It's in moderate disorder. The Mansbach gas lights are on. It's not really a classy room, but it's exactly what you're entitled to in 1910, for $5.00 a week including breakfast. There is a bed, a couple of chairs, a chiffonier, and a few personal belongings on the chiffonier. These include a photograph of a gent and lady, obviously Susan's parents, and a few objets d'art. One, "At the Japanese Rolling Ball Game at Coney Island," and -- perhaps this is part of the Japanese loot -- the glass globe with the snow scene Kane was holding in his hand in the first sequence.

Susan comes into the room, carrying a basin, with towels over her arm. Kane is waiting for her. She doesn't close the door.

SUSAN
(by way of explanation)
My landlady prefers me to keep this door open when I have a gentleman caller.
(starts to put the basin down)
She's a very decent woman.
(making a face)
Ow!

Kane rushes to take the basin from her, putting it on the chiffonier. To do this, he has to shove the photograph to one side with the basin. Susan grabs the photograph as it is about to fall over.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Hey, you should be more careful. That's my Ma and Pa.

KANE
I'm sorry. They live here too?

SUSAN
No. They've passed on.

(CONTINUED)

Again she puts her hand to her jaw.

KANE
Where's the soap?

SUSAN
In the water.

Kane fishes the soap out of the water. It is slippery, however, and slips out of his hand, hitting him in the chest before it falls to the floor. Susan laughs as he bends over.

KANE
(starting to wash his hands)
You're very easily amused.

SUSAN
I always like to see the funny side of things. No sense crying when you don't have to. And you're so funny. Looking at you I forget all about my toothache.

Her face distorts in pain again.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Oh!

KANE
I can't stay here all night chasing your pain away.

SUSAN
(laughs)
I know....But you do look so silly.

Kane, with soaped hands, has rubbed his face and now cannot open his eyes, for fear of getting soap into them.

KANE
Where's the towel?

SUSAN
On the chiffonier. Here.

115 (CONTINUED)

KANE
(rubs his face dry)
Thanks.

SUSAN
(on her way to closet)
I've got a brush in the closet. As soon as the mud on your trousers is all dry -- you just brush it off.

KANE
I'll get these streets fixed, if it's the last thing I do.

Susan comes out of the closet. She holds out the brush with her left hand, her right hand to her jaw in real distress.

KANE (cont'd)
(takes the brush)
You are in pain, aren't you, you poor kid?

Susan can't stand it any more and sits down in a chair, bent over, whimpering a bit.

KANE (cont'd)
(brushing himself)
I wish there was something I could --

He stops and thinks. Susan, her face averted, is still trying hard not to cry.

KANE (cont'd)
I've got an idea, young lady.
(there is no response)
Turn around and look at me.
(there is still no response)
I said, turn around and look at me, young lady.

Slowly, Susan turns.

ff

(CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
Did you ever see anybody wiggle both his ears at the same time?

It takes a second for Susan to adapt herself to this.

KANE (cont'd)
Watch closely!
(he wiggles his ears)
It took me two solid years at the finest boys' schools in the world -- to learn that trick. The fellow who taught me is President of Venezuela now.

He's still wiggling his ears as Susan starts to smile.

KANE (cont'd)
That's it! Smile!

Susan smiles, very broadly.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1909

116 CLOSEUP of a duck, CAMERA PULLS BACK showing it to be a shadowgraph on the wall, made by Kane, who is now in his shirt sleeves. (It is about an hour later than preceding sequence.)

SUSAN
(hesitatingly)
A chicken?

KANE
No. But you're close.

SUSAN
A rooster?

KANE
You're getting further away all the time. It's a duck.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN
Excuse me, Mr. Kane. I know this takes a lot of nerve -- but -- who are you? I mean -- I'm pretty ignorant, I guess you caught on to that --

KANE
(looks squarely at her)
You really don't know who I am?

SUSAN
No. That is, I bet it turns out I've heard your name a million times, only you know how it is --

(CONTINUED)

KANE
But you like me, don't you? Even though you don't know who I am?

SUSAN
You've been wonderful! I can't tell you how glad I am you're here, I don't know many people and --
(she stops)

KANE
And I know too many people. Obviously, we're both lonely.
(he smiles)
Would you like to know where I was going tonight -- when you ran into me and ruined my Sunday clothes?

SUSAN
I didn't run into you and I bet they're not your Sunday clothes. You've probably got a lot of clothes.

KANE
(as if defending himself from a terrific onslaught)
I was only joking!
(pauses)
This evening I was on my way to the Western Manhattan Warehouses -- in search of my youth.

Susan is bewildered.

KANE (cont'd)
You see, my mother died too -- a long time ago. Her things were put into storage out West because I had no place to put them then. I still haven't. But now I've sent for them just the same. And tonight I'd planned to make a sort of sentimental journey --
(slowly)
-- to the scenes of my youth -- my childhood, I suppose -- to look again at --
(he changes mood slightly)
-- and now --

Kane doesn't finish. He looks at Susan. Silence.

KANE
Who am I? Well, let's see. Charles Foster Kane was born in New Salem, Colorado in eighteen six ---
(he stops on the word "sixty" -- obviously a little embarrassed)
I run a couple of newspapers. How about you?

SUSAN
Oh, me --

KANE
How old did you say you were.

SUSAN
(very bright)
I didn't say.

KANE
I didn't think you did. If you had, I wouldn't have asked you again, because I'd have remembered. How old?

SUSAN
Pretty old. I'll be twenty-two in August.

KANE
(looks at her silently for a moment)
That's a ripe old age. -- What do you do?

SUSAN
I work at Seligman's.

KANE
Is that what you want to do?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN
I wanted to be a singer.
(she thinks for a moment)
I mean, I didn't. Mother did for me.

KANE
(sympathetically)
What happened to the singing? You're not in a show, are you?

SUSAN
Oh, no! Nothing like that. Mother always thought -- she used to talk about Grand Opera for me. Imagine! An American girl, for one thing -- and then my voice isn't really that kind anyway, it's just that Mother -- you know what mothers are like.

A sudden look comes over Kane's face.

KANE
Yes --

SUSAN
As a matter of fact, I do sing a little.

KANE
(points to the piano)
Would you sing for me?

SUSAN
(bashful)
Oh, you wouldn't want to hear me sing.

KANE
Yes, I would. That's why I asked.

SUSAN
Well, I --

116 (CONTINUED)

KANE
Don't tell me your toothache is bothering you again?

SUSAN
Oh, no, that's all gone.

KANE
Then you have no alibi at all. Please sing.

Susan, with a tiny ladylike hesitancy, goes to the piano and sings a polite song. Sweetly, nicely, she sings with a small, untrained voice. Kane listens. He is relaxed, at ease with the world.

DISSOLVE

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - EARLY DAWN - 1940

117 Susan tosses down a drink, then goes on with her story.

SUSAN
I did a lot of singing after that. I sang for Charlie -- I sang for teachers at a hundred bucks an hour -- the teachers got that, I didn't --

THOMPSON
What did you get?

SUSAN
(glares at him balefully)
What do you mean?

Thompson doesn't answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I didn't get a thing. Just the music lessons. That's all there was to it.

THOMPSON
He married you, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

bm

SUSAN
He was in love with me. But he never told me so until after it all came out in the papers about us -- and he lost the election and that Norton woman divorced him.

THOMPSON
What about that apartment?

SUSAN
He wanted me to be comfortable -- Oh, why should I bother. You don't believe me, but it's true. It just happens to be true. He was really interested in my voice.
(sharply)
What are you smiling for? What do you think he built that Opera House for? I didn't want it. I didn't want to sing. It was his idea -- everything was his idea -- except my leaving him.

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM OF KANE'S HOUSE IN NEW YORK - DAY - 1913

118 Susan is singing. Matisti, her voice teacher, is playing the piano. Kane is seated nearby. Matisti stops.

MATISTI
Impossible! Impossible!

KANE
Your job isn't to give Mrs. Kane your opinion of her talents. You're supposed to train her voice. Nothing more.

MATISTI
(sweating)
But, it is impossible. I will be the laughing stock of the musical world! People will say --

(CONTINUED)

118 (CONTINUED)

KANE
If you're interested in what people will say, Signor Matisti, I may be able to enlighten you a bit. The newspapers, for instance. I'm an authority on what the papers will say, Signor Matisti, because I own eight of them between here and San Francisco....It's all right, dear. Signor Matisti is going to listen to reason. Aren't you, maestro?
(he looks him square in the eyes)

MATISTI
Mr. Kane, how can I persuade you --

KANE
You can't.

There is a silence. Matisti rises.

KANE (cont'd)
I knew you'd see it my way.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1914

119 It is the same opening night -- it is the same moment as before -- except that the camera is now upstage angling toward the audience. The curtain is down. We see the same tableau as before -- the terrified and trembling Susan, the apprehensive principals, the maids and singing teachers, the stage hands. As the dissolve commences, there is the sound of applause (exactly as before) and now as the dissolve completes itself, the orchestra breaks frighteningly into opening chords of the music -- the stage is cleared -- Susan is left alone -- terribly alone. The curtain rises. The glare of the footlights jump into the image. The curtain is now out of the picture and Susan starts to sing. Beyond her, we see the prompter's box, containing the anxious face of the prompter. Beyond that, out in the darkness -- an apprehensive conductor struggles with his task of coordinating an orchestra and an incompetent singer. Beyond that -- dimly white shirt fronts and glistening bosoms for a couple of rows and then deep and terrible darkness.

120 CLOSEUP of Kane's face -- seated in the audience -- listening.

A sudden but perfectly correct lull in the music reveals a voice from the audience -- a few words from a sentence -- the kind of thing that often happens in a theatre --

THE VOICE
-- really pathetic.

Music crashes in and drowns out the rest of the sentence, but hundreds of people around the voice have heard it (as well as Kane) and there are titters which grow in volume.

121 CLOSEUP of Susan's face -- singing.

122 CLOSEUP of Kane's face -- listening.

There is the ghastly sound of three thousand people applauding as little as possible. Kane still looks. Then, near the camera, there is the sound of about a dozen people applauding very, very loudly. CAMERA MOVES BACK, revealing Bernstein and Reilly and other Kane stooges, seated around him, beating their palms together. The curtain is falling -- as we can see by the light which shutters down off their faces.

THE STAGE FROM KANE'S ANGLE

123 The curtain is down -- the lights glowing on it -- Still the polite applause dying fast. Nobody comes out for a bow.

124 CLOSEUP of Kane -- breathing heavily. Suddenly he starts to applaud furiously.

THE STAGE FROM THE AUDIENCE AGAIN

125 Susan appears for her bow. She can hardly walk. There is a little polite crescendo of applause, but it is sickly.

126 CLOSEUP of Kane -- still applauding very, very hard, his eyes on Susan.

gk

THE STAGE AGAIN

127 -- Susan, finishing her bow, goes out through the curtains. The light on the curtain goes out and the houselights go on.

128 CLOSEUP of Kane - still applauding very very hard.

DISSOLVE

INT. STUDY - KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - DAY - 1914

129 Some weeks later. Susan, in a negligee, is at the window. There are the remains of her breakfast tray on a little table.

SUSAN
You don't propose to have yourself made ridiculous? What about me? I'm the one that has to do the singing. I'm the one that gets the razzberries.
(pauses)
Last week, when I was shopping, one of the salesgirls did an imitation of me for another girl. She thought I didn't see her but -- Charlie, you might as well make up your mind to it. This is one thing you're not going to have your own way about. I can't sing and you know it. -- Why can't you just --

Kane rises and walks toward her. There is cold menace in his walk. Susan shrinks a little as he draws closer to her.

KANE
My reasons satisfy me, Susan. You seem unable to understand them. I will not tell them to you again.
(he is very close to her)
You will continue with your singing.

His eyes are relentlessly upon her. She sees something in them that frightens her. She nods her head slowly, indicating surrender.

gk

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INSERT FRONT PAGE of the San Francisco Enquirer containing a large portrait of Susan as Thais (as before.) It is announced that Susan will open an independent season in San Francisco in Thais. The picture remains constant but the names of the papers change from New York to St. Louis, to Los Angeles to Cleveland, to Denver, to Philadelphia -- all Enquirers.

During all this, on the SOUND TRACK, Susan's voice is heard singing her aria very faintly and far away, her voice cracking a little.

At the conclusion of this above, Susan has finished her song, and there is the same mild applause as before -- over the sound of this, one man loudly applauding. This fades out as we --

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - KANE'S NEW YORK HOME - LATE NIGHT - 1916

130 The Camera angles across the bed and Susan's form towards the door, from the other side of which voices can be heard.

KANE'S VOICE
Let's have your keys, Raymond.

RAYMOND'S VOICE
Yes, sir.

KANE'S VOICE
The key must be in the other side.
(pause)
We'll knock the door down, Raymond.

RAYMOND'S VOICE
(calling)
Mrs. Kane --

KANE'S VOICE
Do what I say.

The door crashes open, light floods in the room, revealing Susan, fully dressed, stretched out on the bed, one arm dangling over the side. Kane rushes to her.

(CONTINUED)

131 (CONTINUED)

DR. COREY
Not at all. I'd like the nurse to be here, too.

KANE
Of course.

Dr. Corey leaves. Kane settles himself in a chair next to the bed, looking at Susan. In a moment, the nurse enters, goes to a chair in the corner of the room and sits down.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - DAY - 1916

132 Susan, utterly spent, is lying flat on her back in her bed. Kane is in the chair beside her. The nurse is out of the room.

SUSAN
(in a voice that comes from far away)
I couldn't make you see how I felt, Charlie. I just couldn't -- I couldn't go through with singing again. You don't know what it means to feel -- to know that people -- that an audience don't want you. That if you haven't got what they want -- a real voice -- they just don't care about you. Even when they're polite -- and they don't laugh or get restless or -- you know...They don't want you. They just --

KANE
(angrily)
That's when you've got to fight them. That's when you've got to make them. That's --

Susan's head turns and she looks at him silently with pathetic eyes.

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

KANE (cont'd)
I'm sorry.
(he leans over to pat her hand)
You won't have to fight them any more.
(he smiles a little)
It's their loss.

Gratefully, Susan with difficulty brings her other hand over to cover his.

DISSOLVE

133 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF XANADU - Half built.

INT. THE GRAND HALL IN XANADU - 1925

134 CLOSEUP of an enormous jigsaw puzzle. A hand is putting in the last piece. CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal jigsaw puzzle spread out on the floor --.

Susan is on the floor before her jigsaw puzzle. Kane is in an easy chair. Behind them towers the massive Rennaisance fireplace. It is night and baroque candelabra illuminates the scene.

SUSAN
(with a sigh)
What time is it?

There is no answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Charlie! I said, what time is it?

KANE
(looks up -- consults his watch)
Half past eleven.

SUSAN
I mean in New York.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
Half past eleven.

SUSAN
At night?

KANE
Yes. The bulldog's just gone to press.

SUSAN
(sarcastically)
Hurray for the bulldog!
(sighs)
Half past eleven! The shows have just let out. People are going to night clubs and restaurants. Of course, we're different. We live in a palace -- at the end of the world.

KANE
You always said you wanted to live in a palace.

SUSAN
Can't we go back, Charlie.

Kane looks at her smilingly and turns back to his work.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Charlie --

There is no answer.

SUSAN (cont'd)
If I promise to be a good girl! Not to drink -- and to entertain all the Governors and the Senators with dignity --
(she puts a slur into the word)
Charlie --

There is still no answer --

DISSOLVE OUT

iy

DISSOLVE IN

135 ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE - Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE

136 ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE - Susan's hands fitting in a missing piece.

DISSOLVE

INT. XANADU - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1928
ANOTHER PICTURE PUZZLE

137 CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Kane and Susan in much the same positions as before, except that they are older.

KANE
One thing I've never been able to understand, Susan. How do you know that you haven't done them before?

Susan shoots him an angry glance. She isn't amused.

SUSAN
It makes a whole lot more sense than collecting Venuses.

KANE
You may be right -- I sometimes wonder -- but you get into the habit --

SUSAN
(snapping)
It's not a habit. I do it because I like it.

KANE
I was referring to myself.
(pauses)
I thought we might have a picnic tomorrow -- it might be a nice change after the Wild West party tonight. Invite everybody to go to the Everglades --

(CONTINUED)

dy

137 (CONTINUED)

SUSAN
(throws down a piece of the jigsaw puzzle and rises)
Invite everybody! -- Order everybody, you mean, and make them sleep in tents! Who wants to sleep in tents when they have a nice room of their own -- with their own bath, where they know where everything is?

Kane has looked at her steadily, not hostilely.

KANE
I thought we might invite everybody to go on a picnic tomorrow. Stay at Everglades overnight.
(he pats her lightly on the shoulder)
Please see that the arrangements are made Susan.

Kane turns away - to Bernstein.

KANE (cont'd)
You remember my son, Mr. Bernstein?

On the SOUND TRACK we hear the following lines of dialogue.

BERNSTEIN'S VOICE
(embarrassed)
Oh, yes. How do you do, Mr. Kane?

CHARLIE JR'S VOICE
Hello.

During this, CAMERA HOLDS ON CLOSEUP of Susan's face. She is very angry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1928

138 LONG SHOT - of a number of classy tents.

ly DISSOLVE OUT

INT. LARGE TENT - EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT - 1928

139 Two real beds have been set up on each side of the tent. A rather classy dressing table is in the rear, at which Susan is preparing for bed. Kane, in his shirt-sleeves, is in an easy chair, reading. Susan is very sullen.

SUSAN
I'm not going to put up with it.

Kane turns to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I mean it.
(she catches a slight flicker on Kane's face)
Oh, I know I always say I mean it, and then I don't -- or you get me so I don't do what I say I'm going to -- but --

KANE
(interrupting)
You're in a tent, darling. You're not at home. And I can hear you very well if you just talk in a normal tone of voice.

SUSAN
I'm not going to have my guests insulted, just because you think --
(in a rage)
-- if people want to bring a drink or two along on a picnic, that's their business. you've got no right --

KANE
(quickly)
I've got more than a right as far as you're concerned, Susan.

SUSAN
Oh I'm sick and tired of your telling me what I must and what I mustn't do!

KANE
(gently)
You're my wife, Susan, and --

SUSAN
Well, I'm not going to stop it. I'm going to say exactly what I think.
(she screams)
You've never given me anything. You've tried to buy me into giving you something. You're --
(a sudden notion)
-- it's like you were bribing me! That's what it's been from the first moment I met you. No matter how much it cost you -- your time, your money -- that's what you've done with everybody you've ever known. Tried to bribe them!

KANE
Susan!

She looks at him, with no lessening of her passion.

KANE (cont'd)
You're talking an incredible amount of nonsense, Susan.
(quietly)
Whatever I do -- I do -- because I love you.

SUSAN
Love! You don't love anybody! Me or anybody else! You want to be loved -- that's all you want! I'm Charles Foster Kane. Whatever you want -- just name it and it's yours! Only love me! Don't expect me to love you --

Without a word, Kane slaps her across the face. They look at each other.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You -- you hit me.

Kane continues to look at her.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You'll never have another chance to hit me again.
(pauses)
I never knew till this minute --

(CONTINUED)

139 (CONTINUED)

KANE
Susan, it seems to me --

SUSAN
Don't tell me you're sorry.

KANE
I'm not sorry.

SUSAN
I'm going to leave you.

KANE
No you're not.

SUSAN
(nods)
Yes.

They look at each other, fixedly, but she doesn't give way. In fact, the camera on Kane's face shows the beginning of a startled look, as of one who sees something unfamiliar and unbelievable.

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S STUDY - XANADU - DAY - 1929

140 Kane is at the window looking out. He turns as he hears Raymond enter.

RAYMOND
Mrs. Kane would like to see you, Mr. Kane.

KANE
All right.

Raymond waits as Kane hesitates.

KANE (cont'd)
Is Mrs. Kane --
(he can't finish)

RAYMOND
Marie has been packing since morning, Mr. Kane.

js Kane impetuously walks past him out of the room.

141 (CONTINUED)

SUSAN
Let's not start all over again, Charlie. We've said everything that can be said.

KANE
Susan, don't go! Susan, please!

He has lost all pride. Susan stops. She is affected by this.

KANE (cont'd)
You mustn't go, Susan. Everything'll be exactly the way you want it. Not the way I think you want it -- but your way. Please, Susan -- Susan!

She is staring at him. She might weaken.

KANE (cont'd)
Don't go, Susan! You mustn't go!
(almost blubbering)
You -- you can't do this to me, Susan --

It's as if he had thrown ice-water into her face. She freezes.

SUSAN
I see -- it' you that this is being done to! It's not me at all. Not how I feel. Not what it means to me.
(she laughs)
I can't do this to you!
(she looks at him)
Oh yes I can.

She walks out, past Kane, who turns to watch her go, like a very tired old man.

a t

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. "EL RANCHO" CABARET - NIGHT - 1940

142 Susan and Thompson at a table. There is silence between them for a moment.

SUSAN
In case you've never heard of how I lost all my money -- and it was plenty, believe me --

THOMPSON
The last ten years have been tough on a lot of people.

SUSAN
They haven't been tough on me. I just lost my money. But when I compare these last ten years with the twenty I spent with him --

THOMPSON
I feel kind of sorry for him, all the same --

SUSAN
(harshly)
Don't you think I do?
(pause)
You say you're going down to Xanadu?

THOMPSON
Monday, with some of the boys from the office. Mr. Ralston wants the whole place photographed carefully -- all that art stuff. We run a picture magazine, you know --

SUSAN
I know. If you're smart, you'll talk to Raymond. That's the butler. You can learn a lot from him. He knows where the bodies are buried.

(CONTINUED)

142 (CONTINUED)

She shivers. The dawn light from the skylight above has grown brighter, making the artificial light in the night club look particularly ghastly, revealing mercilessly every year of Susie's age.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Well, what do you know? It's morning already.
(looks at him)
You must come around and tell me the story of <u>your</u> life some time.

at

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

143-144 An open door shows the pantry which is dark. Thompson and Raymond are at a table. There is a pitcher of beer and a plate of sandwiches before them. Raymond drinks a glass of beer and settles back.

RAYMOND
Yes, sir -- yes, sir, I knew how to handle the old man. He was kind of queer, but I knew how to handle him.

THOMPSON
Queer?

RAYMOND
Yeah. I guess he wasn't very happy those last years -- he didn't have much reason to be --

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR & TELEGRAPH OFFICE - XANADU - NIGHT - 1929

145 Raymond walking rapidly along corridor. He pushes open a door. At a desk in a fairly elaborate telegraph office sits a wireless operator named Fred. Near him at a telephone switchboard sits a female operator named Katherine (not that it matters).

RAYMOND
(reading)
Mr. Charles Foster Kane announced today that Mrs. Charles Foster Kane has left Xanadu, his Florida home, under the terms of a peaceful and friendly agreement with the intention of filing suit for divorce at an early date. Mrs. Kane said that she does not intend to return to the operatic career which she gave up a few years after her marriage, at Mr. Kane's request. Signed, Charles Foster Kane.

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED)

Fred finishes typing and then looks up.

RAYMOND (cont'd)
Exclusive for immediate transmission. Urgent priority all Kane papers.

FRED
Okay.

There is the sound of the buzzer on the switchboard. Katherine puts in a plug and answers the call.

KATHERINE
Yes...yes...Mrs. Tinsdall. -- Very well.
(turns to Raymond)
It's the housekeeper.

RAYMOND
Yes?

KATHERINE
She says there's some sort of disturbance up in Miss Alexander's room. She's afraid to go in.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - NIGHT - 1929

146 The housekeeper, Mrs. Tinsdall, and a couple of maids are near the door but too afraid to be in front of it. From inside can be heard a terrible banging and crashing. Raymond hurries into scene, opens the door and goes in.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

147 Kane, in a truly terrible and absolutely silent rage, is literally breaking up the room -- yanking pictures, hooks and all off the wall, smashing them to bits -- ugly, gaudy pictures -- Susie's pictures in Susie's bad taste. Off of table tops, off of dressing tables, occasional tables, bureaus, he sweeps Susie's whorish accumulation of bric-a-brac.

gk

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)

Raymond stands in the doorway watching him. Kane says nothing. He continues with tremendous speed and surprising strength, still wordlessly, tearing the room to bits. The curtains (too frilly -- overly-pretty) are pulled off the windows in a single gesture, and from the bookshelves he pulls down double armloads of cheap novels -- discovers a half-empty bottle of liquor and dashes it across the room. Finally he stops. Susie's cozy little chamber is an incredible shambles all around him.

He stands for a minute breathing heavily, and his eye lights on a hanging what-not in a corner which had escaped his notice. Prominent on its center shelf is the little glass ball with the snowstorm in it. He yanks it down. Something made of china breaks, but not the glass ball. It bounces on the carpet and rolls to his feet, the snow in a flurry. His eye follows it. He stoops to pick it up -- can't make it. Raymond picks it up for him; hands it to him. Kane takes it sheepishly -- looks at it -- moves painfully out of the room into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

148 Kane comes out of the door. Mrs. Tinsdall has been joined now by a fairly sizable turnout of servants. They move back away from Kane, staring at him. Raymond is in the doorway behind Kane. Kane still looks at the glass ball.

KANE
(without turning)
Close the door, Raymond.

RAYMOND
Yes, sir.
(he closes it)

KANE
Lock it -- and keep it locked.

Raymond locks the door and comes to his side. There is a long pause -- servants staring in silence. Kane gives the glass ball a gentle shake and starts another snowstorm.

KANE (cont'd)
Raymond --
(he is almost in a trance)

gk

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND
Yes, sir --

One of the younger servants giggles and is hushed up. Kane shakes the ball again. Another flurry of snow. He watches the flakes settle -- then looks up. Finally, taking in the pack of servants and something of the situation, he puts the glass ball in his coat pocket. He speaks very quietly to Raymond, so quietly it only seems he's talking to himself.

KANE
Keep it locked.

He slowly walks off down the corridor, the servants giving way to let him pass, and watching him as he goes. He is an old, old man!

DISSOLVE

INT. KANE'S CHAPEL - XANADU - LATE AFTERNOON - 1939

149 As the dissolve completes itself, CAMERA IS TRAVELLING across the floor of the chapel past the crypts of Kane's father and mother -- (marked: JAMES KANE - 18-- to 19--; MARY KANE - 18-- to 19--) -- PAST a blank crypt, and then HOLDING ON the burial of Kane's son. A group of ordinary workmen in ordinary clothes are lowering a very expensive-looking coffin into its crypt. Kane stands nearby with Raymond, looking on. The men strain and grunt as the coffin bangs on the stone floor. The men now place over it a long marble slab on which is cut the words:

CHARLES FOSTER KANE II.
1907-1938

ONE OF THE WORKMEN
Sorry, Mr. Kane, we won't be able to cement it till tomorrow. We --

Kane looks right through him. Raymond cuts him short.

RAYMOND
Okay.

The men tip their hats and shuffle out of the chapel. Kane raises his head, looks at the inscription on the wall. It is a little to one side of Junior's grave, directly over the blank place which will be occupied by Kane himself.

KANE
Do you like poetry, Raymond?

RAYMOND
Can't say, sir.

KANE
Mrs. Kane liked poetry --

Raymond is now convinced that the old master is very far gone indeed -- not to say off his trolley.

RAYMOND
Yes, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Not my wife -- not either of them.

He looks at the grave next to his son's -- the grave marked "MARY KANE."

RAYMOND
(catching on)
Oh, yes sir.

KANE
(looking back up at the wall)
Do you know what that is?

RAYMOND
(more his keeper than his butler now)
It's a wall you bought in China, Mr. Kane.

KANE
Persia. -- It belonged to a king.

RAYMOND
How did you get him to part with it, Mr. Kane?

149 (CONTINUED)

KANE
He was dead... That's a poem.
Do you know what it means?

RAYMOND
No, I don't, Mr. Kane.

KANE
I didn't used to be afraid of it.

A short pause. His eyes still on the wall but looking through it, Kane quotes the translation.

KANE (cont'd)
The drunkenness of youth has passed
like a fever,
And yet I saw many things,
Seeing my glory in the days of my
glory.
I thought my power eternal
And the days of my life
Fixed surely in the years
But a whisper came to me
From Him who dies not.
I called my tributary kings together
And those who were proud rulers under me,
I opened the boxes of my treasure
to them, saying:
"Take hills of gold, mountains of silver,
And give me one more day upon the earth."
But they stood silent,
Looking upon the ground;
So that I died
And Death came to sit upon my throne.

O sons of men
You see a stranger upon the road,
You call to him and he does not stop.
He is your life
Walking towards time,
Hurrying to meet the kings of India
and China.
(quoting)
O sons of men
You are caught in the web of the world
And the spider Nothing waits behind it.
Where are the men with towering hopes?
They have changed places with owls,
Owls who lived in tombs
And now inhabit a palace.

Kane still stares at the wall, through it, and way beyond it. Raymond looks at him.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

150 Thompson and Raymond. Raymond has finished his beer.

RAYMOND
(callously)
That's the whole works, right up to date.

THOMPSON
Sentimental fellow, aren't you?

RAYMOND
Yes and no.

THOMPSON
(getting to his feet)
Well, thanks a lot.

RAYMOND
See what I mean? He was a little gone in the head -- the last couple of years, anyway -- but I knew how to handle him.
(rises)
That 'Rosebud' -- that don't mean anything. I heard him say it. He just said 'Rosebud' and then he dropped that glass ball and it broke on the floor. He didn't say anything about that, so I knew he was dead. -- He said all kind of things I couldn't make out. -- But I knew how to take care of him.

Thompson doesn't answer.

RAYMOND (cont'd)
You can go on asking questions if you want to.

THOMPSON
(coldly)
We're leaving tonight. As soon as they're through photographing the stuff --

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

Thompson has risen. Raymond gets to his feet and goes to the door, opening it for him.

RAYMOND
Allow yourself plenty of time. The train stops at the Junction on signal -- but they don't like to wait. Not now. I can remember when they'd wait all day ... if Mr. Kane said so.

Raymond ushers Thompson into

INT. THE GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

151 The magnificent tapestries, candelabra, etc., are still there, but now several large packing cases are piled against the walls, some broken open, some shut and a number of objects, great and small, are piled pell mell all over the place. Furniture, statues, paintings, bric-a-brac -- things of obviously enormous value are standing beside a kitchen stove, an old rocking chair and other junk, among which is also an old sled, the self-same story. Somewhere in the back, one of the vast Gothic windows of the hall is open and a light wind blows through the scene, rustling the papers.

In the center of the hall a photographer and his assistant are busy photographing the sundry objects. The floor is littered with burnt-out flash bulbs. They continue their work throughout the early part of the scene so that now and then a flash bulb goes off. In addition to the photographer and his assistant, there are a girl and two newspapermen -- (the second and third men of the projection room scene) - also Thompson and Raymond.

The girl and the second man, who wears a hat, are dancing somewhere in the back of the hall to the music of a phonograph. A flash bulb goes off. The photographer has just photographed a picture, obviously of great value, an Italian primitive. The assistant consults a label on the back of it.

ASSISTANT
No. 9182

The third newspaperman starts to jot this information down.

(CONTINUED)

151 (CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT (cont'd)
"Nativity" - attributed to Donatello, acquired Florence 1921, cost 45,000 lira. Got that?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
Yeah.

PHOTOGRAPHER
All right! Next! Better get that statue over there.

ASSISTANT
Okay.

The photographer and his assistant start to move off with their equipment towards a large sculpture in another part of the hall.

RAYMOND
What do you think all this is worth, Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON
Millions -- if anybody wants it.

RAYMOND
The banks are out of luck eh?

THOMPSON
Oh, I don't know. They'll clear all right.

ASSISTANT
"Venus", Fourth Century. Acquired 1911. Cost twenty-three thousand. Got it?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
Okay.

ASSISTANT
(patting the statue on the fanny)
That's a lot of money to pay for a dame without a head.

(CONTINUED)

SECOND ASSISTANT
(reading a label)
No. 483. One desk from the estate of Mary Kane, Little Salem, Colorado. Value $6.00.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
Okay.

A flashlight bulb goes off.

SECOND ASSISTANT
We're all set to get everything. The junk as well as the art.

Thompson has opened a box and is idly playing with a handful of little pieces of cardboard.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
What's that?

RAYMOND
It's a jigsaw puzzle.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
We got a lot of those. There's a Burmese Temple and three Spanish ceilings down the hall.

Raymond laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Yeah, all in crates.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
There's a part of a Scotch castle over there, but we haven't bothered to unwrap it.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I wonder how they put all those pieces together?

ASSISTANT
(reading a label)
Iron stove. Estate of Mary Kane. Value $2.00.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Put it over by that statue. It'll make a good setup.

GIRL
(calling out)
Who is she anyway?

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN
Venus. She always is.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
He sure liked to collect things, didn't he?

RAYMOND
He went right on buying--right up to the end.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Anything and everything -- he was a regular crow.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
I wonder -- You put all this together -- the palaces and the paintings and the toys and everything -- what would it spell?

Thompson has turned around. He is facing the camera for the first time.

THOMPSON
Charles Foster Kane.

Another flash bulb goes off. The photographer turns to Thompson with a grin.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Or Rosebud? How about it Jerry?

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
(to the dancers)
Turn that thing off, will you? It's driving me nuts! -- What's Rosebud?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Kane's last words, aren't they, Jerry?
(to the third newspaperman)
That was Jerry's angle, wasn't it, Jerry? Did you ever find out what it means, Jerry?

THOMPSON
No, I didn't.

The music has stopped. The dancers have come over to Thompson.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN
Say, what did you find out about him anyway, Jerry?

THOMPSON
Not much.

SECOND NEWSPAPERMAN
Well, what have you been doing?

THOMPSON
Playing with a jigsaw puzzle -- I talked to a lot of people who knew him.

GIRL
What do they say?

THOMPSON
Well -- it's become a very clear picture. He was the most honest man who ever lived, with a streak of crookedness a yard wide. He was a liberal and a reactionary; he was tolerant -- "Live and let Live" - that was his motto. But he had no use for anybody who disagreed with him on any point, no matter how small it was. He was a loving husband and a good father -- and both his wives left him and his son got himself killed about as shabbily as you can do it. He had a gift for friendship such as few men have -- he broke his oldest friend's heart like you'd throw away a cigarette you were through with. Outside of that --

151 (CONTINUED)

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN
Okay, okay.

GIRL
What about Rosebud? Don't you think that explains anything?

THOMPSON
No, I don't. Not much anyway. Charles Foster Kane was a man who got everything he wanted, and then lost it. Maybe Rosebud was something he couldn't get or he lost. No, I don't think it explains anything. I don't think any word explains a man's life. No -- I guess Rosebud is just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle -- a missing piece.

He drops the jigsaw pieces back into the box, looking at his watch.

THOMPSON (cont'd)
We'd better get along. We'll miss the train.

He picks up his overcoat -- it has been resting on a little sled -- the little sled young Charles Foster Kane hit Thatcher with at the opening of the picture. Camera doesn't close in on this. It just registers the sled as the newspaper people, picking up their clothes and equipment, move out of the great hall.

DISSOLVE

INT. CELLAR - XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

152 A large furnace, with an open door, dominates the scene. Two laborers, with shovels, are shovelling things into the furnace. Raymond is about ten feet away.

RAYMOND
Throw that junk in, too.

CAMERA TRAVELS to the pile that he has indicated. It is mostly bits of broken packing cases, excelsior, etc. The sled is on top of the pile. As CAMERA COMES CLOSE, it shows the faded rosebud and, though the letters are faded, unmistakably the word "rosebud" across it. The laborer drops his shovel, takes the sled in his hand and
ls throws it into the furnace. The flames start to devour it

EXT. XANADU - NIGHT - 1940

153 No lights are to be seen. Smoke is coming from a chimney.

CAMERA REVERSES the path it took at the beginning of the picture, perhaps omitting some of the stages. It MOVES finally THROUGH the gates, which close behind it. As CAMERA PAUSES for a moment, the letter 'K' is prominent in the moonlight.

Just before we fade out, there comes again into the picture the pattern of barbed wire and cyclone fencing. On the fence is a sign which reads:

"PRIVATE - NO TRESSPASSING"

FADE OUT

THE END